

The Daily Mirror.

No. 8.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1903.

One Penny.



Memo. from

Telephone No.: 126 PADDINGTON.

CHARLES LEE & SON,
The Royal Specialists for Ladies' Wear,
98 & 100 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

Complete Ladies' Outfitters and Manufacturers
of Costumes, Tea & Dressing Gowns, Millinery,
Outfitting and Corsets, Blouses, Hosiery and
Gloves, Lace and Veils.

Makers of the
"ROYAL CRESCENT" VEIL (Regd.)
"LEVIOT PETTICOAT" (Patent.)

November 6th, 1903.

To the Advertisement Manager,
"THE DAILY MIRROR."

Dear Sir,

I think you would be pleased to know that I have had immense success from my advertisement in "The Daily Mirror," which lasted several days. I have had twenty-one orders to-day even. Of course, I consider I am advertising a good patent article which draws, but I shall advertise other departments from time to time.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

Charles Lee

THE HUNDREDS OF ELECTRIC •
CARRIAGES IN LONDON
are supplied by the

The High-class Washing Material

'Viyella'

(Regd.)

Day and Night Wear.

ECONOMICAL
because
DURABLE.

"DAILY TELEGRAPH" says:—

"The material that is really warm without being unduly heavy is obviously the most hygienic. 'VIYELLA' fulfills these conditions, and is an ideal material for both sexes, for both day and night wear."

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Genuine "VIYELLA" bears the "VIYELLA" label on the selvedge every 5 yards.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

To be obtained from all leading Drapers, Hosiery, and Outfitters.
Or name of nearest sent on application to
"VIYELLA" (D.M.), Friday Street, London, E.C.

'Viyella' Hosiery Underwear, Specially suitable for sensitive skins, can also be obtained.

THE HUNDREDS OF ELECTRIC •
CARRIAGES IN LONDON
are supplied by the

By Special appointment to
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
And as purchased by
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
H.I.M. THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.
H.I.M. THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO, ETC., ETC.

**City and Suburban
Electric Carriage Co.
LIMITED.**

NIAGARA, LONDON, S.W.

EVERYONE IS BUYING THEM BECAUSE:

- (a) THEY ARE CHEAPER THAN HORSES.
- (b) MUCH FASTER THAN HORSES.
- (c) TROUBLE WITH SERVANTS AVOIDED.
- (d) LONDON STABLES CAN BE GIVEN UP.
- (e) WE BUILD YOUR CARRIAGE.

You order your Car for a certain hour.

It will be there. We do the rest.

We build carriage bodies to any design required.

Telegrams: CARIOLES.
Telephones: 300, 699, and 42 WESTMINSTER.

GARAGES AT PICCADILLY, WESTMINSTER, SOUTH KENSINGTON, etc.

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GREAT EXTENSION OF SHOWROOMS FOR BEDROOM FURNITURE

INEXPENSIVE BEDROOM FURNITURE

The "OTWAY" Bedroom Suite £9 15 0

"DAILY MIRROR" SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS FREE.



THE "OTWAY" BEDROOM SUITE is in Fumed Oak, and comprises a Wardrobe with Mirrored Door and Glass Panels; a convenient Washstand with Marble Top, Tiled Back, roomy Cupboard, and Towel Rods; Dressing Chest with Large Landscape Mirror and Three Long Drawers; Two strong Rush-seated Chairs, £9 15 0. This Bedroom Suite is of Extraordinary Value, and can only be produced at this price by making in large numbers—say 500 at one time.

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AT .
JNO. WILSONS'
SUCCESSORS, LTD.

OVER 30 DESIGNS
in Hand Loom
DOUBLE DAMASK
Are offered at
REDUCTIONS OF
10 to 33½ per cent.

ALSO .
CURTAINS IN
LACE & TAPESTRY.
SEE SPECIAL LIST.

**188, REGENT
STREET.**

THE HOLBORN SILK MARKET. WONDERFUL VALUE IN SILK VELVETS AND VELVETEENS.

ORIENTAL PANNE VELVETEENS, in bright Art colourings, 22-inch, 1½ per yard; worn 2½, 3½ per yard; made of them, 2½ per yard; worth 2½. SCOTCH PLAID SILK VELVETEENS, in 8 various clans, 1½ per yard; worth 2½. HANDBOME PANNE SILK VELVETEENS, about 150 various designs and colourings, a charming show of these goods, all 22-inch, 1½ per yard; made of them, 2½ per yard; worth 2½. PANNE SILK VELVETEENS, spool and organ, in light colours, with raised hair stripes, very cheap, 1½ per yard were 2½. VELVETEENS FOR THE AUTUMN, all the new shades, made of silk, 22-inch, 1½ per yard; worth 2½. BLACK VELVETEENS, the best Jet and Raven Black Dyes, 22-inch, 9d., 25-inch, 1½; 24 inch, 1½ and 1½; 25-inch, 1½ and 2½; 26-inch, 2½ and 3½ per yard.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

SAMUEL LEWIS & CO., 5 to 11, HOLBORN BARS, E.C.

The Highest Novelties in
BLOUSES, CHEMISETTES,
FANCY LINEN.

"AU ROYAL POINSETTIA."
TRICHARD.
PARIS. 74, Boulevard Haussmann. PARIS.

CHARLES LEE & SON,

98 & 100, WIGMORE ST.

(ONLY ADDRESS.)

The Famous "Leewig" Petticoat

No. 20353/99 (Patent by Charles Lee).

Supersedes all others. DETACHABLE FRILLS
which hook or button on. Lasting longer than
three ORDINARY PETTICOATS.

Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, writing from the Duke of York's Theatre, has much pleasure in stating that she considers Messrs. Lee & Son's Patent Petticoat most comfortable and particularly suited to the present style of dress. Miss Vanbrugh is delighted with the New Leather "Suede" Tops. They are beautifully made.

PRICES VERY LOW.

Best quality only. Complete Skirts, from 29/6. Best Stockinet, Spun Silk, Fine and Stout Angora Wool stretching to the figure, specially designed Moirettes, Glace, Lace, and other Flounces, 15/9, 18/9, 21/-, 25/9, 29/6.

AVOID CHILLS. SEPARATE PATENT.

THE "LEEWIG" LEATHER TOPS, in Soft Suede, Antelope, Doeskin, particularly desirable during the Winter Season. A famous physician is recommending this very successful idea. 25/9, 29/6, 31/6.



ECONOMY IN PETTICOATS.

Patent carefully guarded.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Choicest French Millinery Speciality Motoring and Reception Hats.

MODEL HAT 30/-

White Felt and Soft Beaver crown, bows of Gold Galon, White Aigrette.



One of the Largest Selections
of Blouses and Bodices in
London or Paris. Original De-
signs at Manufacturers' Prices.
Great show of Evening Confections.

"IDEAL WEAR," THE SUCCESSFUL REGD. "LEEWIG" JERSEY. REGD.

Fitting like a limpet fits a rock. A Self Tight-fitting Bodice, Black, Navy, Red, Emerald, with strappings of New Silk, 25/9; especially smart with Tartans.



CHARLES LEE & SON, 98 & 100, WIGMORE STREET, W.

An Illustration from
New Booklet,
"DISTINCTIVE
FURNISHING,"
Post Free.

"Chesterfield"
Settee, Adjustable
Ends, 4 ft. 6 in., 5 ft.
open. Covered in
Cretonne. The
Quintessence of
Comfort.
Carriage Paid,
£5 10s.



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Furniture, Upholstery,
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SMART,
EFFICIENT
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Write for
Large Illustrated Cata-
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designs, with Estimates
and Sketches, for completely
Furnishing the Home
at stated sums.
Special Reductions during
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Special Rates for
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Any Length Sold.
Patterns with Self-
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Royal & B. Serges**

Look well, last long, and are for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, in Navy Blue, Black, Crimson, Grey, Green, Cream, etc. Various Prices, and in Light Weights for Warm Climates.

Dress Fabrics, Reversible Tweeds, Blouse Flannels; also Scotch Winceys, Warm Charity Underskirts at 3/9; Rugs from 3/3; Wool Shawls from 1/8½; etc. Ladies' Costumes from 26/-; Girls' Dresses from 9/-; Gentleman's Suits from 35/-; Overcoats from 28/3; and Boys' Suits from 10/6 to measure.

No. 123.

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Infant Feeding & Management
(48 pages), free.

The Allenburgs' Foods

of all Chemists



These Foods are most easy of
digestion and assimilation, and Children
thrive on them as on no other diet.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
Lombard Street, LONDON.

MILK FOOD No 1
from birth to 3 months.

MILK FOOD No 2
from 3 to 6 months.

MALTLED FOOD No 3
from 6 months upwards.

The Daily Mirror.

Tuesday, Nov. 10, 1903.

51 days to Dec. 31.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Fresh westerly breezes; a few showers; fine and bright intervals.
Lighting up time for all vehicles, 5.19.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, moderate or rather rough; North Sea, moderate; Irish Channel, rather rough.

314th Day of Year.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Lord Rowton.

Some men, considerable and valued though they may be in their own circles, do not emerge upon the larger stage of popularity until death summons them to the brief and public parade of their lives' history. Such a man was the late Lord Rowton, by whose death yesterday England has lost a notable citizen, and his friends a rare and valued counsellor. To the world at large his name was more familiar than his person, and his work more celebrated than himself; for in his later years he chose to forsake the conspicuous arena of society, and to withdraw more and more into his own sober and generous concerns.

The development and ending of his career offer some curious reflections upon the promise of its beginning. When as "MONTY" CORRY he joined DISRAELI as his private secretary, he entered, not (as it seemed at the time) on a career of politics, but on a career of friendship. The mutual bond between him and Lord BEACONSFIELD remained unbroken until the great statesman's death; and it was as the friend of a politician rather than as a politician himself that he moved across the stage of the sixties and seventies. At this time of his life he was a notable figure in the social world, and whether as a guest of the late QUEEN, or in the lobbies of the House of Commons, distinguished himself by his brilliancy and kindness of heart. He had a liberal taste in music, in literature, and in art, and was a familiar figure on the racecourse as well as in drawing-rooms and political salons.

But it was only in Lord Rowton's later life that all these conditions of disposition and training were transmuted into what was, as we have indicated, a rather uncommon ambition. His beloved chief dead, he refused all temptations to enter the world of politics on his own account, and betook himself to a comparative seclusion. And it was there that he developed and perfected that scheme by which single men of the humblest class are now able to live in decency, and with some largeness and dignity of environment. Perhaps, as a bachelor himself although in agreeable and luxurious circumstances, he had realised something of the possibilities of dreariness and loneliness which that condition threatens. It would perhaps be a social misfortune if the single state were made too tempting, whether for men or women; but on the other hand it need not be unduly penalised; and everyone who knows anything of the miserable lodgings which are too often the only available home for single men of the working class will be able to appreciate Lord Rowton's philanthropy. It took the practical form of making life decent and socially bright for men, who, both by the circumstances of poverty and celibacy, had otherwise no very cheerful or even sufficient accommodation within their reach.

It is a pleasant thought that there are doubtless many men like Lord Rowton going quietly about in the world - who, without fuss or advertisement, are engaged in substantial achievements for the common benefit. So many of us choose the speaking parts in the drama of life; and it is a far from disagreeable reflection that there is here and there a man of parts who is content to remain out of sight and to perform behind the scenes one of the several inconspicuous tasks that assist the development and enhance the beauty of the drama. And for how many of his fellowmen has Lord Rowton not acted this part, changing the scene always from squalor to comfort, from disorder to dignity, from sadness to a bright and fortunate environment! He thought to labour only for others, but he has at the same time built himself a monument.

Court



Circular.

Sandringham Nov. 9.

To-day is the 62nd anniversary of his Majesty the King's birthday.

The King, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, with his Royal Highness's children, visited the tent this afternoon which has been erected in the park, where the workmen and employés on the Sandringham Estate were being entertained at dinner by his Majesty's command.

The health of their Majesties the King and Queen was proposed by General the Right Hon. Sir Dighton Probyn.

Count de Leyden, the Bishop of Ripon, Lord Redesdale, Colonel Sir Nigel Kingscote, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir J. L. Harrington have left Sandringham.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl and Countess of Dudley, Lord and Lady Alice Stanley, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Lord Lovat, Lord and Lady Farquhar, the Hon. George and Mrs. Keppel, Mrs. Hartmann, Lieutenant-General Sir A. Lyttelton-Annesley, Sir Allen Young, the Rev. Canon Hervey, Chevalier de Martino, Lady Emily Kingscote (Lady-in-Waiting), the Hon. Charlotte Knollys (Woman of the Bedchamber), General the Right Hon. Sir Dighton Probyn (Keeper of the Privy Purse), Lord Knollys (Private Secretary), Colonel A. Davidson, and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. C. Legge (Esquires in Waiting), the Hon. Derek Keppel, and Lady Lamington (in attendance upon their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales), Lady Clementine Walsh (in attendance on her Royal Highness Princess Charles of Denmark), and Lieutenant-Colonel C. Frederick (Deputy Master of the Household).

Their Majesties' dinner party this evening included their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess Victoria,

and Princess Charles of Denmark, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl and Countess of Dudley, Lord and Lady Alice Stanley, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Lord Lovat, Lord and Lady Farquhar, the Hon. George and Mrs. Keppel, Mrs. Hartmann, Lieutenant-General Sir A. Lyttelton-Annesley, Sir Allen Young, the Rev. Canon Hervey, Chevalier de Martino, Lady Emily Kingscote (Lady-in-Waiting), the Hon. Charlotte Knollys (Woman of the Bedchamber), General the Right Hon. Sir Dighton Probyn (Keeper of the Privy Purse), Lord Knollys (Private Secretary), Colonel A. Davidson, and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. C. Legge (Esquires in Waiting), the Hon. Derek Keppel, and Lady Lamington (in attendance upon their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales), Lady Clementine Walsh (in attendance on her Royal Highness Princess Charles of Denmark), and Lieutenant-Colonel C. Frederick (Deputy Master of the Household).

Mrs. and Miss Hervey, Mr. Hansell, and Mr. G. Hua had the honour of joining the royal circle in the evening.

To-Day's News At a Glance.

The Kaiser is progressing satisfactorily after his operation.

Lord Rowton died early yesterday morning at Berkeley-square, aged sixty-five.

Lord Lansdowne told a deputation from British firms trading with Morocco that Britain's equality of opportunity to trade there should be preserved in the future.

The United States Government, a Washington telegram says, will not permit the embarkation of Colombian troops from any Colombian port for the Isthmus of Panama.

The performance in Vienna of a drama called "Draga," founded upon the recent assassination of the King and Queen of Servia, has been forbidden by the censor.

Mr. Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, was made a Cardinal yesterday.

Sixty-eight tons of silver, valued at about £200,000, were landed at Plymouth yesterday from the United States.

Dr. Arbuthnot Knox has been elected Bishop of Manchester.

The Canadian Government has chosen Galway as the British port for landing their proposed fast service passengers.

Efforts to establish a Boer colony of 300,000 acres on the Mexican Coast have failed; the site being considered unfavourable.

Mr. Balfour, after arrival in town yesterday from Hampshire, issued summonses for a Cabinet Council this week.

Lord James of Hereford has written stating that he sees no reason why the Unionist free traders should leave the Unionist ranks while fighting the battle of free trade.

Andrew Dawson Reid, a prominent Glasgow man, has been arrested on charges of fraud and forgery involving £28,000.

As soon as possible after his arrival in town yesterday from Hampshire, issued summonses for a Cabinet Council this week.

An Italian Naval Division will probably be seen in English waters during the visit of the King and Queen of Italy.

Dr. Clifford, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, yesterday, said that only through a General Election would Nonconformists accept a settlement of the Education question.

There were again scenes of wild excitement on the New York cotton market yesterday. Heavy realisations and professional pressure broke prices badly.

After removing a cross at the summit of a tower 197 feet high, at Rovigo, Senior Golia, Chief of the Municipal Guard, fell 97 feet and was instantly killed.

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

The Court.

The King shoots over the Sandringham covers.

To-day's Weddings.

The Duke of Roxburghe, R.H.G., M.V.O., of Floors Castle, K.C.B., and Broxbourne Park, N.B., and Miss May Gooley, daughter of the late Mr. Ogden Gooley and Mrs. Gooley, of Newport, U.S.A., at Newport, U.S.A.

Mr. Hugh Grosvenor, 14th Hussar, eldest son of Lord St. Aldridge and Lady Stalbridge, of Motcombe House, Shaftesbury, Dorset, and Miss Gladys Nixon, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Elizabeth Nixon, of 27, Collingham-gardens, Brinsley de Courcy Nixon, of 27, Collingham-gardens, S.W., at St. Jude's Church, South Kensington, S.W., at 2.30 p.m.

Mr. John Wilkinson Kirkland, of Johannesburg, and Miss Elena Hellman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hellman, recently of Cochabamba and Oruro, at Capetown.

Lieutenant M. Lloyd Ferrar, Indian Army, only son of Mr. M. L. Ferrar, I.C.S., of Little Gidding, Ealing, and Miss Anna Evelyn Oldham, only daughter of Mr. W. B. Oldham, C.I.E., I.C.S., at Hyderbad, India.

Mr. George Ludovic Houston, D.L. and J.P., Renfrewshire, N.B., and Miss Anne Douglas Stirling, daughter of General Sir William Stirling, K.C.B., of Ochiltree, Folstone, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, at 2 p.m.

M. Georges Goyau, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and Mlle. Lucie Félix-Faure, daughter of the late President of the French Republic.

Racing.

Lincoln.

Royal Navy Club : Annual Dinner at the Whitehall Rooms.

Royal Geographical Society : Commander Peary, on "North Polar Exploration, 1898-1902," 8.30.

Royal Colonial Institute : Sir G. T. Goldie presides

at the first dinner of the session, 6.30; Major Ronald Ross on "Malaria and the Colonies," Whitehall Rooms, 8.

The Primrose League : Meeting of the Grand Council, 64, Victoria-street, 3.

Lord Roberts attends a Drawing-room Meeting in support of the Semi-Teetotal Pledge Association, 17, Cavendish-square, 4.30.

Music.

Hungarian pianistes at St. James's Hall, 3.

Rosenthal Pianoforte Recital, Bechstein Hall, 8.15.

Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.

Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.

Daly's "A Country Girl," 8.

Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 8.

Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.

Gaity, "The Orchid," 8.

Garrick, "The Golden Silence," 8.

Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.

His Majesty's, "King Richard II," 8.15.

Imperial, "Monseigneur Beauchaire," 8.30.

Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzig," 8.

New Theatre, "Mrs. Gorring's Necklace," 8.30.

Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.

"Queen's (Small) Hall," "The Follies," 3.15.

*Royal Court, "The Tempest," 2.30 and 8.30.

Royalty, "Kaltwasser," 8.15.

Shaftesbury, "In Dahomey," 8.15.

St. James's, "The Cardinal," 8.30.

Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.

Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.

Vauville, "Quality Street," 8.30.

Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 9.

* Matines are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

	1903.	Nov.	Dec.
Sun.	15	22	29
Mon.	16	23	30
Tues.	17	24	1
Wed.	18	25	2
Thurs.	19	26	3
Fri.	20	27	4
Sat.	21	28	5

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

MR. BALFOUR'S STATEMENT ON FOREIGN POLICY.

HIS TRIBUTE TO LORD SALISBURY.

Last night the new Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress inaugurated their year of office with the customary banquet at the Guildhall. Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, was the first of their guests to arrive, and after him in quick succession came Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., Count Mensdorff, Lord Windsor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Chinese Ambassador, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Ritchie—the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, and brother to the Lord Mayor—Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and his father's successor, Mr. Lyttelton, Lord Lansdowne, the Duke of Marlborough, and the Judges. Last, but not least, came the Prime Minister, accompanied by Miss Balfour. They were received with enthusiastic cheers.

The chief feature of the evening was Mr. Balfour's eloquent tribute to his uncle and predecessor in the Premiership, the late Lord Salisbury. Later he explained the foreign policy of the present Government and more especially its attitude in the Far and Near East, and the recent settlement of the Canadian-Alaskan difficulty. He spoke warmly of the King's share in the present tranquil state of English foreign policy.

Lord Selborne responded for the Navy, and referred with approval to the shooting of the "Powerful's" guns at Ladysmith. Lord Grenfell spoke for the Army, and the Lord Chief Justice pleaded eloquently for the free and unfettered exercise of his judicial functions in connection with such delicate duties as the Alaskan Boundary Commission.

We append a few crystals from Mr. Balfour's speech :

This country revered Lord Salisbury not only for his intellectual gifts, but on account of the profound conviction they had in his honesty of purpose and in the breadth of vision which he applied to foreign affairs. But though I think they gave him an unstinted admiration, I do not think that they always felt that they understood him.

The difficulty with Lord Salisbury was not to find epigrams, but to restrain them.

I never can restrain my own regret that we had so little opportunity of knowing him as that he might have been in even greater measure, namely, as a brilliant writer.

The more Lord Salisbury's career is studied in the light of our increasing knowledge of foreign relations, the greater will seem the services which he has done to mankind.

I mean to say nothing whatever on the subject of fiscal reform.

There is no more passionate advocate of general peace than the Emperor of Russia, and our allies of Japan are as certain to show moderation, discretion, and judgment in the demands they make, as firmness in carrying those demands into effect.

I do not say the Austrian and Russian scheme of reform in Macedonia is perfect. I say it is the minimum, and I say the minimum must be enforced.

I know nothing which has done more to bring home to the nations of the Continent the goodwill we feel towards them than the visits of him who is by birth our representative, King Edward the Seventh.

If America has gained more than we desire, if Canada has lost more than we hoped, the gain to America by the territory she has acquired is nothing to our gain by this question being settled.

LORD BALFOUR'S ACCOUNT OF IT.

Speaking at Glasgow last night Lord Balfour of Burleigh gave his account of the resignations from the Cabinet. He said that when he and his colleagues left that important Cabinet meeting on September 14 and 15 they were without any knowledge that Mr. Chamberlain had tendered his resignation. He accepted Mr. Chamberlain's statement (that he declared in the Cabinet that if preferential tariffs were not accepted he could not continue in office), but he could only say for his own part that he did not understand that the matter was put as definitely as that.

He wished to know whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer—the son of a great man—was entitled to say that the country accepted the Chamberlain policy in all its branches. If so, then they had for the first time a protectionist Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the sooner the country knew it the better.

The World's Latest News by Telegram and Cable.

THE KAISER'S ILLNESS.

HIS MAJESTY'S SATISFACTORY PROGRESS.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

The Kaiser is progressing satisfactorily, and the latest telegrams assure us that there is no cause for anxiety as to his condition. The operation for the removal of the polypus on the left vocal cord lasted little more than a minute, and was in every way successful, and even the inflammatory reaction which, as a matter of course, sets in is already subsiding. Still, the healing of the small wound left by the surgeon's knife will probably take some eight days.

For some weeks before the operation his Majesty had suffered from pains in the neck, and a medical examination revealed the existence of a growth, which, however, it was decided not to remove until after his Majesty's meeting at Wiesbaden with the Tsar, the Emperor himself saying that he had no time. After the operation, which lasted about one minute, the affected parts being numbed with cocaine, the Emperor expressed a wish that a full bulletin should be issued, and that no secret should be made of the nature of his ailment, as people had a right to know about the illness of their Sovereign.

There is no fear, however, the Berlin specialists say, of the wound developing a malignant character; indeed, the appearance of an ordinary polypus in the throat of one who makes excessive demands on his voice is said to be not at all unusual. The Emperor is receiving verbal reports on State affairs from the head of his Civil Cabinet, but he does not speak himself. He writes his comments with a firm hand. He also wrote a long telegram of birthday congratulation to King Edward.

Oddly enough it was on November 9, exactly sixteen years ago, that the Emperor, who was then Prince of Prussia, left for San Remo, where a great consultation of doctors on the condition of the Emperor Frederick took place. The Emperor took with him then the specialist, Dr. Schmidt, who performed the slight operation last Saturday. Beyond the cancelling of the Emperor's immediate engagements no change has been made in the Imperial family's household arrangements.

EMPEROR'S FIRST CIRCUS.

EPOCH-MAKING PERFORMANCE AT PEKING.

The Empress Dowager of China has just seen her first circus. One Professor Chatre has been the means of introducing this Western form of diversion to the Court of Peking.

The "China Times" describes how the indomitable and rather tigerish old lady, whose will is law at the Summer Palace, sat in a comfortable foreign-made arm-chair in one of the enclosures of that famous building,

The juvenile contortionists and the young jockeys aroused a vivacious interest on the part of the Empress Dowager, but the lion and tiger were not at all to her Majesty's taste. After seeing them in their cages she waved them aside. Even the young elephant she regarded with some disdain. But the equestrian feats and the performance generally were watched with keen interest. £34 per day was the sum paid to the circus for expenses, and on leaving Professor Chatre was presented with over £1,000.

There was only one foreign spectator, an American lady artist who is painting the Dowager's portrait.

STEELY GLANCE OR STONY GLARE?

No one has ever written of Lord Kitchener without having something to say of his eyes. The changes have been rung on his "steely glance" and his "stony glare," and even in his portraits there is a strange look of hardness about the eyes which lends colour to the written descriptions. A letter from Calcutta supplies a probable explanation. One of Lord Kitchener's eyes, it is said, shows signs of strabismus due to ophthalmia contracted in Egypt.

ONE THOUSAND MILES RACE.

Another round in the battle of the boilers has just been brought to a conclusion by the race home from Gibraltar of the two British cruisers Medea and Medusa. Both are fitted with water-tube boilers, but of different type. The Medea has the Yarrow boiler, a British pattern, and the Medusa the German Duerre boiler. It was the German boiler that won, as the Medusa reached Plymouth twenty minutes ahead of her sister ship, after a very close race of about one thousand miles.

£250,000 FOR POOR STUDENTS.

News of a quite sensational gift of money for educational purposes comes from Cracow. In that town there lives a bachelor named Mossakowski, who was always regarded as "near" and parsimonious. He has distributed his entire fortune of £250,000 in scholarships, and the beneficiaries are to be poor students.

Mr. Arnold Forster, Secretary for War, states in reply to a correspondent that the condition of the volunteer forces is receiving his most careful attention.

CABINET MINISTER'S SUICIDE.

THE ITALIAN CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER SHOOTS HIMSELF.

"I am an honest man, and die an honest man. For the last thirty days charges have been brought against me with such violence that I cannot endure them. I pardon my sons, who have caused me great sorrow. I pardon my enemies, who have done me so much ill. The future will do me justice. Forgive me.—Pietro."

This letter, addressed to his wife, was the farewell bidden to the world by Signor Rosano, the new Italian Minister of Finance, before taking his own life. The news, which came from Reuter's correspondent at Naples, shocked the whole civilised world yesterday.

Signor Rosano had arrived at Naples on Sunday morning, ostensibly to see his family and to hand over the management of a benevolent society, an office he was relinquishing on his appointment as Minister. He dined *en famille* in the evening, and retired to rest early. Yesterday morning he rose at half-past five and went to his study. Half-an-hour later a servant went to the room with his morning coffee. She saw Signor Rosano lying against his writing table, and after trying unsuccessfully to rouse him she called for help. A doctor and a priest were sent for, but the Minister was dead before they came. He had shot himself through the heart, and death was apparently almost instantaneous.

The news was published in special editions of the Italian papers, which also interpret the allusions in the letter which Signor Rosano left behind. The charges of which the dead Minister speaks were brought against him by the Socialists, who have been conducting a campaign against him, while the conduct of his sons—one of whom was to have fought a duel yesterday at Messina—had caused him great sorrow.

BISHOP ON DIVORCE.

The Bishop of Chichester, in his charge to the clergy of the diocese yesterday, vigorously denounced the religious re-marriage of divorced persons, and said he had instructed every surrogate in his diocese that no marriage licence is to be issued to any divorced person during the lifetime of the other party to the original marriage. This was a time of great and growing laxity in regard to marriage, said Dr. Wilberforce. His own strong feeling was that all marriages should first be performed as a civil contract, and that only such marriages as the Church could bless should be brought for its benediction.

FAITES VOS JEUX AT 10 A.M.

Monte Carlo is not yet in full swing, but the arrivals already are greater than is usual in the early days of November, and "the Rooms" commence business now at 10 a.m., eight tables being in working order. There are the usual winter stories already of extraordinary coups, but it is said by the "New York Herald" (Paris) to be beyond dispute that thirty-one came up five times running on Thursday last at the table to the left upon entering the middle room.

ANOTHER FIRE AT THE DURDANS.

Lord Rosebery seems to be the special mark of the fire demon just now. Last evening, less than twenty-four hours after the outbreak at his lordship's stables, a hay-stack near the Racecourse Paddocks on the Durdans estate was found to be in flames. No water being available, the fire was allowed to burn itself out. As in the other case, the cause is a mystery.

BARMAIDS NOT DESIRED.

"Without laying down any law on the subject, I should like," said Sir Algernon West, the Chairman of the London County Council Licensing Sessions, yesterday, "to repeat what I said at Clerkenwell, that the committee would view with favour any proposal for a diminution in the number of women—particularly young women—employed in the bars of theatres and music halls."

ARABS CHASTISED.

The British troops at Aden have been inflicting severe chastisement upon the rebels of the hinterland. Ten villages were destroyed, and thirty-nine tribesmen were killed on Wednesday last. The British casualties are three officers wounded, nine men killed, and seven men wounded. Three hundred men of the 1st East Kent Regiment started yesterday for Nobat.

LONG SUCCESSION OF PEERS.

Lord Claud Hamilton has succeeded the late Lord Salisbury in an office of some antiquity, that of High Steward of the Borough of Yarmouth. Established in the reign of Henry VI., it has been filled during these four hundred and fifty years with three exceptions by peers of the realm.

POLITICAL PASSION IN SERVIA.

Great excitement has been caused in the capital of Servia (according to Reuter) by a threat of the murdered King Alexander's chief of police to shoot M. Avakumovic, who became Prime Minister in the revolutionary Government which assumed power after the assassination.

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

RAIN-DRENCHED PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS.

But for the rain the Lord Mayor's Show would have been a failure. Rain always raises the spirits of a London crowd. When it rains someone looks uncomfortable. Then you laugh. The more rain, the less comfort, and the more laughter.

One thing was lacking. There were no allegorical cars filled with painted and powdered heroines of history. The rain fell only upon fat drum-majors and thin com-missionnaires and bandsmen!

Bands, soldiers, a pontoon, volunteers, a lifeboat, more bands, and then a carriage. On the boat seat sat an aged man, drenched with rain, wearing a green and brown sash, and carrying a wand tipped with silver. "Cheer up," said the man in the crowd, "ain't you a plumber?" Perhaps he was; at least the programme said, "Worshipful Company of Plumbers; wardens, attended by the Beadle (wearing scarf and favour) with staff of office."

More carriages; more rain; then an interval, during which the crowd—seemingly as large as ever a Lord Mayor's Show day brought forth—made free of the roadway again. Then two mounted policemen striding out a pathway right and left; another band, more troopers in blue overcoats, the City Marshal imposing as ever, and then Sir James T. Ritchie, London's new Lord Mayor, smiling and bowing from the depths of the great gold coach, with its painted panels and its most gorgeous coachman.

So the Lord Mayor's show, the oldest institution perhaps in England, passed to the Mansion House.

LADY FREE TRADERS.

Three hundred and fifty women, representing eighty-three southern branches of the Co-operative Guild—a society for educating female co-operators in political questions—assembled at the offices of the Wholesale Society, Aldgate, yesterday.

It was a very business-like gathering. Between dinner and tea the fiscal problem was threshed out and decided upon, and incidentally such intricate questions as mining royalties, trades unionism, free education, and the housing of the poor were discussed, and opinions thereon formed.

The question of protection, which is perplexing mankind so deeply, was quickly disposed of. It was routed by the cry of dearer food. Only one lady had the temerity to oppose the overwhelming forces of Cobdenism by voting in favour of protection, but she was forgiven, "because," as another lady observed, "it was evident that she did not understand the question."

In all it did the meeting was serious; hilarity never for a moment effaced its earnestness, not even when one of the few men speakers referred to the lady president as "Mr. Chairman," and corrected himself by saying "Mrs. Chairman."

"DAVID GARRICK" AT WINDSOR.

Preparations are far advanced for the "command" performance of "David Garrick" before the King and Queen of Italy at Windsor Castle next week. Sir Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, and the principal members of the company arrived at the Castle yesterday afternoon, and went through a two hours' rehearsal in the Waterloo Chamber, where the stage is fitted up. The arrangements are of the most perfect description.

The performance, which will be on a more magnificent scale than any stage production at Windsor Castle within recent years, will commence after the Royal dinner party, and will not terminate till after midnight, the company returning to town in the small hours.

NO MORE CAB-WHISTLING.

No more are we to be deafened with the piercing shriek of the cab-whistle; no more is James to catch cold and spoil his wind blowing for the hansom that is not within sound. The National Telephone Company has prepared a scheme for linking up houses with the nearest cab-shelter, and we shall ring up cabs as easily as we summon messengers. The conditions are that fifty houses must join for one shelter, and the terms will be a guinea a year.

"WROTH SILVER."

To-morrow night takes place, at Knightlow Cross, near Coventry, the quaint ceremony of paying "wroth silver" to the Duke of Buckingham and Queensberry. The money is paid for the privilege of using certain roads, and the total sum amounts to little more than a half-sovereign. But terrible penalties against its non-payment are provided by the ancient charter. For every penny not forthcoming a white bull with red nose and ears is liable to forfeiture. After the ceremony the duke's health is drunk in hot rum and milk.

At Dewsbury yesterday, during the hearing of a charge against Firth Goodard for attempting to murder a woman, a doctor said that the woman's life had been saved by her corsets, a bullet striking one of the steels.

YESTERDAY IN PARIS.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Monday Night.

A west wind and wet afternoon have spoiled the fine-weather record of the first fortnight of November. The cold snap, however, has disappeared, and this afternoon was quite warm.

The King of Greece lunched with President Loubet at the Elysée to-day, M. Delcassé, M. Combes, and other representative Parisians being present.

At the King's birthday dinner at the Embassy to-night there were present Lord Monson, Sir Henry Austin Lee, Major-General Sir J. Ardagh, Colonel Stuart Wortley, Mr. Alan Herbert; and Colonel Richardson, and Doctors T. H. Thompson and F. G. Clemow, the three British delegates to the Sanitary Conference now being held in Paris.

A Change of Ambassadors.

The news that M. de Néfiddoff, the Russian Ambassador in Rome, is to be recalled surprises nobody in Paris, where, on the other hand, the news that Prince Ourosoff is to replace him at the Quirinal Court has come, if not as a surprise, as a great disappointment to the diplomatic world of Paris with which Prince Ourosoff is very justly popular. It is an open secret that the reason of M. de Néfiddoff's recall is a "suggestion" by the Italian Foreign Office that the climate of the Italian capital was unhealthy, for since he was instrumental in adjourning sine die the promised visit of the Tsar to Rome, he has been anything but a persona grata. Paris, although it will regret Prince Ourosoff, is much excited at the choice of his successor, who is to be—though the news is not official—M. Mouravieff, the Russian Minister of Justice, who is at present Russian delegate to the Hague Arbitral Commission.

A Gathering of Automobilists.

Many members of the British Automobile Club are expected here next month, on the occasion of the annual automobile exhibition. Special arrangements have been made for their accommodation at the great hotels, and the Automobile Club de France is busily preparing for the reception of its foreign friends. For the 17th of next month it has organised a gala performance in the theatre belonging to the club, in which some of the best known men and women on the Paris stage have promised to take part.

Society Obstacle Race.

The Duke of Chartres and his friends arranged and successfully carried out a charming fete yesterday in Chantilly forest. Starting from the clearing known as the Carrefour de la Folie, twenty-five couples, one lady and one gentleman, all of them well known, raced two miles and a half over seventeen obstacles of all kinds across country. The men were in golfing outfit, the ladies in short skirts and shooting gaiters, and amid shouts of laughter and encouragement from the fifty or sixty friends following the course as best they could in carriages, in automobiles, and on bicycles, they climbed through hedges and plunged into water jumps, showing that dainty dames of aristocratic lineage can be true sportswomen on this side of the Channel too. After a closely contested run, M. de Waru and Mademoiselle Tardieu came in the winners, doing the course in eight-and-twenty minutes.

The Fate of the Humberts.

Poor Madame Humbert! No matter what her faults she is much to be pitied now that her appeal for a re-trial has been definitely shelved, for her life in Rennes prison, to which she will shortly be removed, will be a very hard one. Thérèse will cease to be a name and will become a number merely. She will be dressed in sacking, or "droguet," as it is called, in woollen stockings of the coarsest kind, a coarse cotton shirt, wooden sabots for outdoor wear, and felt shoes when indoors. She will work at the manufacture of the little cardboard boxes used for cigarettes, and will earn anything from ninepence to two shillings for her daily toil. Frederic, her husband, is to be moved from Fresnes to Melun prison, where, irony of ironies, his window will face the Melun Club, of which he figured as a prominent and respected member in his palmy days.

SMALL BUSINESS ON 'CHANGE.

Yesterday the Lord Mayor's Show took all the office boys away from the stockbrokers' offices, but that fact did not interfere with business so much as the fact that it was the last day of the old account, it being carry-over day for mining shares. But that is over now, and business is as usual. In spite of the recent activity in Westralians the public, who are holding shares speculatively on borrowed money, are very few in number.

Apes from West Australian mines, mining shares were attempt made to render the market buoyant, and dealings were kept brisk in a lot of low-priced shares, which are being puffed in some of the newspapers and outside brokers' offices. Whether the public will take the bait is another matter.

Having said this, we come to our usual dreary survey of depressed markets. Consols were put down, though not by much, and the same may be said of the railways, which is causing the bother. The fear of 5 per cent. Bank rate. Perhaps, therefore, it is satisfactory to note that what little movement there was in Home Railways was not downward.

Some of the leading financial houses seem to be at work trying to put Americans higher, all, of course, out of a kindly regard for the investing public, whom they want to sell the stocks which they have recently been compelled to take. But the market did not close good-

Latest News of London and the Provinces.

DEATH OF LORD ROWTON.

FRIEND OF THE LATE QUEEN AND CONFIDANT OF DISRAELI.

FOUNDER OF THE ROWTON HOUSES FOR WORKMEN.

On Saturday we announced Lord Rowton's illness, and yesterday came the melancholy intelligence that this great gentleman and philanthropist had passed away at his residence in Berkeley-square.

The poet has told us of those who do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame. Not that Lord Rowton blushed; but throughout a long and busy life—he was just sixty-five years old—the subject of this memoir has done three men's work without a thought to what Milton calls the last infirmity of noble minds. Fame and notoriety he avoided with a gracious smile, and yet the papers have been full of him.

He was Disraeli's confidant, friend, and executor; the late Queen Victoria honoured him with particular affection; he was the founder of the Rowton Houses. A bachelor, he was the first and the last peer of his name.

Since 1866, when Lord Beaconsfield made him his private secretary, European politics and personages were alike familiar to "Monty" Corry. He had an exquisite tact; he could keep a secret; he was trusted by high and low. Prince Münster, the German Ambassador, considered him the finest diplomatist he had ever met, in or out of the diplomatic service.

How he Met Disraeli.

The three chief periods in the late Lord Rowton's career, might not inaptly be summarised as the Disraelian, the Victorian, and the Rowtonian eras. "Dizzy" he met at a somewhat formal house-party. The Duchess of Cleveland was their hostess, and young "Monty" Corry's Irish blood would not be denied. He speedily changed a dull, nineteenth century drawing-room into a place of light and laughter. Dizzy was taken with the young man's audacity; the two became friends, and the rest is history. Rowton was at the Berlin Conference with his chief, and when the latter died, inherited all his letters and papers with absolute discretion as to their publication or use. That these papers are still "warm" is made evident by the late Lord Rowton's silence as to their contents. It is said that Mrs. Craigie may be entrusted with the biography that will some day be written. But, why not Mr. Morley?

The Queen's Friend.

After Disraeli's death, it was Lord Rowton that Queen Victoria selected for special friend and confidant. "A courtier born, but the most sincere of men," she said of him. And to Lord Rowton it was that Queen Victoria turned, half laughing, half in tears, just before the end, with her famous: "They say the South African war will be my death. But no, Rowton! I don't mean to let Mister Kruger kill me!" Her rendering of the word "Mister" was irresistibly quaint.

His Rowton Houses are known to the whole world. They were the crowning work of a full life. It was suggested that he should also build houses for women; but here, for once, his courage failed him. He dreaded their quarrels and complaints, their ruining of the furniture and bedding. "Man," he averred, "was the more gentle and peace-loving animal!"

The Rowton Houses.

The sterner sex, and especially such of their members who value a decent lodging, t'ed a night, must hold Lord Rowton in grateful memory. Risking £30,000 on his first "hotel," in defiance of all the prophets, his initial experiment proved that philanthropy could be made to yield a return of 5 per cent. After that he had no more difficulty in raising fresh capital, and soon £75,000 was invested in Rowton Houses that shelter 3,000 guests and board them at prices that give scope to the humbler farthing.

A nephew of the famous Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Rowton has fully maintained the philanthropic traditions of his family. He was, in the best sense, a man of the world—not narrow world indeed, but a world whose opportunities he could seize, and one that he has left "a little better than he found it."

THE ROMANCE OF A NEWSPAPER.

The lecture to be given by Mr. J. C. Fowler, at St. James's Hall, on Thursday, on "The Romance of the 'Daily Mail,'" is exciting such widespread interest that all the tickets have been allotted. The names and addresses of disappointed applicants will be filed, and in the event of the repetition of the lecture they will have first choice of seats.

WEIGHING THE MAYOR.

The Mayor of High Wycombe was weighed after his election yesterday, in pursuance of an ancient custom, and his weight was carefully recorded in an official book preserved by the local inspector of weights and measures.

SIR J. B. MAPLE WEAKER.

Last night's bulletin stated that Sir J. Blundell Maple's condition was weaker, although the change was not clearly marked.

ROYAL LOVE MATCH.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK BETROTHED TO PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY.

The nation takes a deep interest in all the love affairs of the Royal family, but now and then a match is arranged which more than usually appeals to popular sentiment, and the country takes the young couple to its heart. Such a match is that which the *Daily Mirror* is able to announce to-day between Princess Alice of Albany and Prince Alexander of Teck, the third brother of the Princess of Wales.

Princess Alice, who is a cousin of the young Queen of Holland, is thought to much resemble her royal cousin, and her popularity among her friends is strangely like that of Queen Wilhelmina. She has inherited the artistic taste of her father, Prince Leopold, and is a most accomplished artist and musician. She has lived a good deal in Germany, the Duchess of Albany having resided there during the minority of her son, who succeeded to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg, and several times Prince Alice has been engaged by rumour—among other suitors having been mentioned the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and the Crown Prince of Germany.

The lucky prince who is to marry her is well known as a gallant soldier, who did good service in the late war. He joined the 7th Hussars, in 1894, and soon proved himself one of the smartest young officers in the regiment, a fine horseman, and an expert swordsman. He served during the suppression of the Matahabe rebellion in 1896, and acted as adjutant of the 3rd Provisional Regiment of Hussars in the Boer war, also doing excellent work in connection with the remount operations.

Prince Alexander has been staying at Claremont, the residence of the Duchess of Albany, since Saturday last, and on Sunday he was present at Esher Church with the Duchess and his betrothed. He left Esher at five o'clock last night for Windsor.

LADY BIRD FANCIERS.

STRIKING FEATURES OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE SHOW.

The great interest many ladies take in the pheasant and pigeons was shown at the great show which opened at the Crystal Palace yesterday. The Palace resembled a great farmyard, with over 8,000 head of poultry, pigeons, rabbits, and cavies in long rows, cages and hutches. Cash prizes were awarded to the amount of £2,500, and in addition there were 300 silver cups and medals. The value of the exhibits was enormous. The poultry alone were worth something like £40,000, while the pigeons could not be bought for less than £4,000.

Lady Arlington won many prizes with her vari-coloured bantams and game bantams. A pen of Dorkings were exhibited by Mrs. Florence Amherst. The Countess of Home had a beautiful collection of Dorking and Hamburg fowls, and also showed Aylesbury and Rouen ducks. The Countess of Craven was a successful exhibitor with several varieties of Wyandottes and old English game. Lady Violet Brassey, also a lover of Wyandottes, had some of her favourites on show.

PREFERRED A BACHELOR LIFE.

Lady Louisa Constance Brooke-Pechell was yesterday granted a decree nisi on the ground of her husband's desertion and misconduct. The lady was married to Sir Samuel George Brooke-Pechell, Bart., in 1879, and they subsequently lived in Cromwell-road, Kensington. In 1886 Sir Samuel left his wife and had never returned, nor in any way contributed towards her support. She had written asking him to furnish her a home, but he replied that he preferred a bachelor life.

LADIES' WILLS.

To-day's wills include those of Miss Emily Mary Goring, of Portman-mansions, Baker-street, daughter of Sir Harry Dent Goring, who left £39,211 gross; and Dame Anne Gibbons, widow of Alderman Sir Sills John Gibbons, Bart., Lord Mayor in 1872, who left £3,368.

MR. WARNER'S XL-HUGE SCORE.

The M.C.C. team of cricketers, under Mr. P. F. Warner's captainship, have commenced there Australian tour with a brilliant display of batting against South Australia, who decline.

Regarding the match yesterday, they carried their Saturday's total of 247 for three wickets to 489 for eight, when Mr. Warner declared the innings closed. Hayward (7) and Lilley (91) were the chief contributors to this huge total.

The Englishmen were also most effective in a series of the best South Australian batsmen were got rid of for runs before play closed for the day. The match will be continued to-day and will finish early on Wednesday afternoon. Present scores—

MR. WARNER'S XI.

Mr. P. F. Warner, c Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet, 16

Travers, b Claxton, 65 H. Hill, 10 J. Travers, not out 91

Travers, b Claxton, 157 R. Hill, 10 J. Travers, b Clax-

Tyldesley, c Giffen, b Arnold, not out 30

Claxton, 10 E. Foster, run out 7 Extras 10

out 7 Braund, b Giffen 58 Total (for eight) 483

Hirst, c Evans, b Doddington (6) Bryner C. 7 Warne 6

Claxton, 37 Extras 10

Scores AUSTRALIA.

F. T. Hack, b Rhodes, 16 J. Travers, not out 4

A. H. Gehrs, run out, 31 Extras 9

C. Hill, b Lilley, b

Bosanquet 18 Total (for three wkt.) 93

Giffen, not out 19

THE ARMENIAN INQUEST.

HOW THE HENTSCHAKISTS LIVE IN TERROR IN PECKHAM.

Outside the high wall behind which stands the Camberwell Coroners' Court stood a little knot of people yesterday. It was the day of the inquest on the murdered Armenians and their assassin.

Matter-of-fact and commonplace enough were the proceedings. The first witness was an Armenian, whose name even the police dare not allow to be made known. He told the jury how he had walked with two companions along that Peckham street, how the others had been shot by his side, and he himself fired at, and how their unknown assassin had killed himself. The motive he did not know, but it must, he said, have been revenge.

After this nameless witness came a few English witnesses who had seen the crime committed—two working men, a hospital nurse, a couple of other women, and then the crisp, official voice of the police inspector. But there was little for the jury to consider, and not more than an hour after the opening of the case they found their verdict, that the two Armenians, Aram and Petros Krikorian, had been murdered by the nameless third Armenian, who committed suicide.

It was prosaic enough. Yet in Peckham lives the Hentschak colony, in hourly fear of assassination by an enemy they do not know, afraid to be seen, afraid to allow even a tradesman to approach their home. The windows are barricaded for fear of bombs, their food is brought to them by the police. In the most civilised city in the world death threatened from a foreign country, and by immigrant revolutionaries, has made life almost impossible to them.

FROM PILLAR TO POST.

THE TROUBLES OF A BAND OF SERVIAN GIPSIES.

Dover is the scene just now of a quaint phase of the alien question. Thirty-five Servian gipsies, one Servian baby, seven monkeys, and eight bears, are encamped on Ewell Minnis, desirous of going to France. Unfortunately France will not have them.

The officials at Calais point to a regulation forbidding, under certain conditions, the landing of itinerant showmen and performing animals, and in these circumstances the South-Eastern and Chatham Company naturally refuse to allow the band to travel on their boats, faced as they are with the probability of having to bring them back again. The Servian chief possesses a stamped permit from the sub-prefect of Boulogne, allowing him and his followers to land, and as Calais is in the arrondissement of Boulogne, he claims that his projected journey is covered by the permit, but pending the adjustment of the official misunderstanding the manager stays on Ewell Minnis, whence the lord of the manor is taking steps to eject them. The band seems almost as badly off as if they were in Servia.

MISS ISABEL JAY'S NEW ROLE.

Miss Isabel Jay, the popular actress, appeared yesterday in a new and unwelcome role, that of prosecutrix at Marlborough-street police court. Miss Jay, or Mrs. Cavendish as she is since her marriage with the young African explorer, whose dabblings in occult science led to a *cause célèbre* in the year, missed a brooch after a recent performance of "A Country Girl." A property man at Daly's, named Carr, was charged with the theft, and it was stated that he had pawned the brooch for a sovereign, saying he had found it.

The prisoner was remanded for inquiries.

THE PRICE OF A KISS.

Mr. Percy Groner, son of the principal of a firm of furriers in Golden-lane, was yesterday ordered by the Clerkenwell County Court judge to pay thirty-five pounds for snatching a lover's salute from one of his father's employees. He had paid attention to the girl, who failed to respond. One afternoon he came into the show-room when she was alone and attempted to kiss her. In her resistance she strained the muscles of her neck, the right vocal chord being injured. Twenty-one guineas have had to be paid to the doctors in consequence.

LINCOLN RACES.

There were some good fields at the opening day of the Lincoln Meeting. Littleton, who had run disappointingly on several occasions, following a smart display at Ascot in the early summer, easily captured the Great Ton Plate. Results—

Winner Rider Price

Gauthy (10) Chon Kina Lane 5 to 1

Brownlow (12) Fiore Butchers 10 to 1

Great Tom (11) Littleton Madden 5 to 1

Halton (10) Reli, c Travers, b Claxton 4 to 1

Ward (9) La Flecha, b Reli, c Travers, b Claxton 4 to 1

Doddington (6) Bryner C. Warne 6 to 1

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

To-day the meeting is continued, and the following horses may be prominent:—Webley Plate—The De'il; Elsham Plate—Cottage; Autumn Handicap—Elsham Plate.

The following are the latest prices on the Liverpool Cup:—2 to 2 against Burses, 100 to 15 Grey Tick, 8 to 1 Palmy Days, 10 to 1 Bachelor's Button, 100 to 8 Happy Slave, 100 to 1 each Sheldrake, Thrawsley, Wilson, and Torrent. Soho has been started out of the race.

It is a certainty that Grey Tick will probably be Madden's mount, and the rumour that Palmy Days is amiss is said to be unfounded.

THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH".

HIS MEMORIES OF SIXTY-SEVEN YEARS.

A FEW STORIES FROM SIR FRANK BURNAND'S REMINISCENCES.

Although those readers who expect to find in Sir Frank Burnand's Reminiscences a string of pithy "good stories" will certainly be disappointed, the two volumes are refreshingly free from "chests"; such tales as he has to tell are his own, and those who love the stage with all their hearts, and literary Bohemia not a little, will find plenty to amuse and interest them, for Sir Frank's range is wide, and includes celebrities differing as widely as Lola Montez and Cardinal Newman, Mr. George Meredith and Harry Paulet!

The "Old" Duke of Cambridge.

The Eton of the late forties and early fifties has often been described, but never more vividly than by the editor of "Punch," who remembers well a visit paid to the College Chapel by the eccentric old Duke of Cambridge, who, in response to the Chaplain's melodiously intoned "Let us pray," replied in a loud voice, as spokesman for himself and everybody present, "Yes, by all means!" a story which recalls this same royal personage's remarks during the reading of the Offertory, when "Behold the half of my goods I give to the poor," drew from him the remonstrance "No, no, I can't do that; a half is too much for any man, but I have no objection to a tenth!"

Sir Frank's Religious "Vocation."

Sir Frank gives a straightforward account of how he came to join, for a while, the Oblates of St. Charles, Bayswater, of whom the head at the time was Doctor, afterwards Cardinal, Manning. The future humourist was, of course, after a short time, compelled to admit that he had no vocation for the Roman Catholic priesthood, and with considerable courage he confessed to Dr. Manning that, this being so, he thought of seeing whether he had or not the dramatic vocation. He had expected that this declaration would blow his venerated friend out of his chair, but it didn't. "And you call that a vocation? . . . Why, you might as well say—that to be a—a cobbler—is a vocation!"

Whereupon, nervously inspired, the future Editor of "Punch" blurted out, "Well—er—a—a cobbler has a great deal to do with the sole!"

A Pen Picture of George Meredith.

Very soon after leaving the "Omelettes," as Sir Frank informs us these holy men were called by their more facetious friends, he had the good fortune to enter journalism under the best possible auspices, for his literary godfather was none other than George Meredith. "George Meredith," he says, "never merely walked, never lounged; he strode, he took giant strides. He had on a soft, shapeless wide-waist, a sad-coloured flannel shirt, with low open collar turned over a brilliant scarlet neckerchief tied in a loose sailor's knot; no waistcoat, knickerbockers, grey stockings, and the most serviceable laced boots, which evidently meant business in pedestrianism; crisp, curly, brownish hair, ignorant of parting; a fine brow, quick observant eyes, greyish—if I remember rightly—beard and moustache a trifle lighter than the hair.

To the Would-be Playwright.

Sir Frank's connection with "Punch" has often been told at length, and he does not, as he might so easily have done, go to such over old ground, but when telling, modestly enough, the story of his own struggles and successes, he gives some very valuable advice to the would-be playwright and journalist. "Stick to one line of business only," he says. "Choose drama, or light literature, if these come easily to your hand, but as by dramatic work you can nowadays make ten times the amount that you can ever hope to realise by journalism light or heavy, or even by novel-writing, my advice is, stick to the drama."

Du Maurier's Example.

"You may fail three times out of four, perhaps, but let one play catch the public, and straightway you will become a comparatively rich man." George Du Maurier used pen and pencil for "Trilby." It caught on in America; it went like wildfire; someone, struck by a happy thought, dramatised it, and the drama, in the profits of which Du Maurier only shared, brought in, more than the author, in his wildest dreams of avarice, could possibly have imagined."

And Sir Frank ought to know, for, from the time of his first joining the staff of "Punch" to the present day, he has written and produced over a hundred and fifty plays!

RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES. Personal and General. By Sir Francis C. Burnand. In two volumes, with numerous illustrations. (Methuen and Co.)

OBITUARY.

Sir Charles Nicholson, first baronet, died on Sunday at The Grange, Totteridge, Herts, aged ninety-five. In 1843 he was elected a member of the New South Wales Legislative Council, of which he was three times Speaker. Mr. Alfred Edward Rodewald, a cotton merchant, and founder of the Liverpool Orchestral Society, died in that city yesterday.



FULDAS sparkling comedy "Kaltwasser," the second play on the programme of the German Theatre, which will run till Saturday at the Royalty Theatre, is, it may be affirmed, much more to the taste of the audience than Sudermann's wordy political drama just withdrawn. What though the plot is thin! One is simply carried away by the sheer fun and undiluted rollosomeness of the vagaries shown by the patients at the cold-water cure sanatorium, in which the action of the play is laid.

An Amusing Situation.

To this Hydro comes one Herr Pilgrim, avowedly for rest and a respite from the embarrassing attention of his feminine acquaintances. It immediately appears, however, that the unfortunate victim of his own charms is in reality far from being a woman hater, for the mere sight of a petticoat in a distant garden sets him on fire. He at once begins to whisper impassioned nothings to the doctor's wife, who, dissatisfied with her lot and disillusioned of married life, lends him a willing ear, and finally agrees to elope with him.

A Happy Ending.

But he has been tracked by the very lady he seeks to elude, a Frau Sachs, who overwhelsms him with tempestuous endearments. In the end, his wife, from whom he had been divorced, also appears for the "cure," and the volatile affections of this Lothario turn towards her again. An amusing denouement is reached when he persuades her to go off with him in the very carriage he had intended for the doctor's wife.

The success of a comedy of this kind depends on the verve and "go" with which it is acted, and it certainly was admirably played.

A Heart of Gold.

Among a clever band of sisters who are on the stage is Miss Beatrice Ferrar, who has so quickly attained success. A few years ago, soon after she had made her first appearance in Shakespeare, her sister, Miss Ada Ferrar, presented her with a tiny gold heart and chain, which has always been worn for good luck. Miss Beatrice Ferrar is of a very energetic temperament, and considers walking one of the best forms of exercise, though she is also fond of boating and riding. A good deal of her spare time is spent in reading, and she is a great student of Shakespeare, Thackeray, and Dickens.

Playgoers' Desire for Entertainment.

Miss Kate Phillips, who will be seen later on in an adaptation of a French play, considers that the tastes of theatre-goers have changed very greatly since she made her first appearance on the stage, and that nowadays both men and women care little for serious plays and only desire to be entertained. Miss Phillips thinks that it is only now and again that an English author succeeds in writing a very successful farce, and that it is to the French playwright we must look for clever construction allied to bright and witty dialogue.

A New Play by Walter Frith.

A new play by Walter Frith, entitled "The Perils of Temptation," will be performed on November 16th at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, by Mr. Frank Curzon's London company, which will include Miss Gertrude Kingston and Mr. Frank Cooper. The production is in the hands of Mr. Guy Waller, stage manager of the Comedy Theatre, who has been responsible for a long series of successful plays.

Lilies and Carnations.

No one loves flowers more fervently than Miss Marion Terry, who says they are not a luxury, but a necessity of her life. She firmly believes that if she only earned sixpence a day she would have to spend twopence in buying some for her room. Her favourite blossoms are lilies of the valley and carnations, and she is rarely without these in her dressing-room at the theatre. In her choice of dress, Miss Marion Terry often selects fabrics which can be expressed in delicate shades of stone grey, and she confesses she has no great love of bright colours.

A copyright performance of a fairy musical comedy, entitled "The Magnetic Play," written by Miss Eweretta Lawrence and Mr. Bruhns, was given yesterday at the Royal Court Theatre. Miss Eweretta Lawrence recently adapted a play from the German for Sir Charles Wyndham.

Mrs. Tree's New House at Chiswick.

Mrs. Tree, in addition to the arduous labours of eight performances a week in "The Flood Tide," at Drury Lane, is at present busily engaged in superintending the arrangements of her new home, Walpole House, Chiswick. The house is a delightful specimen of an old Jacobean mansion, and Mrs. Tree has found full scope for the exercise of her artistic taste in the choice of the furniture and decoration.

A Garden View.

The drawing-room is a spacious and beautiful room, of ample and noble proportions, and contains some fine specimens of furniture which have been collected by Mrs. Tree. The other five rooms on the ground floor are decorated and furnished with exquisite taste,

and all look out on an old-world garden, planted with shrubs, and gay with the brilliant tints of old-fashioned autumn flowers.

Peeps of the River.

Mrs. Tree enjoys from her bedroom window the most charming panorama of the winding river with the bronzed sails of the boats making an exquisite harmony against the background of green trees and shimmering water, and she intends to plant a mulberry tree in the garden, in order to add still further to its charms. Mr. and Mrs. Tree possess a motor-car apiece, and the Panhard and Wolseley each do the journey every evening from Chiswick to their respective theatres in "double quick" time.

Tempting Offers Refused.

Miss Charlotte Granville has avowed her intention never again to play in the part of an adventuress, and says she is determined to adhere to her resolution in spite of the most tempting offer. For some time she has been in search of a play, and has at last succeeded in finding one which she believes to be a fine work. At present the name is a secret, but Miss Granville hopes ultimately to appear in a West End theatre in this play.

The Reason Why.

Her ideal play is one containing a plot with the right combination of comedy and pathos, and in which about eight characters are engaged. Her reason for declining the rôle of an adventuress is that the character is always built on stereotyped lines, and, therefore, only gives limited scope to the abilities of an actress; while at the same time the public are led to believe that the impersonator of a long series of adventuresses can never act in any other part.

An Actress With Many Hobbies.

Miss Eva Moore is a clever amateur photographer, and her pretty house in Chelsea has many proofs of her skill in this art as shown in the framed photographs of her friends. She is the most devoted of mothers, and has always taken the greatest pride in making all her little son's clothing. One of the most striking rooms in her house is the dining room, the walls of which are hung in a rich orange paper. By lamplight the effect of this with the dark oak furniture and door is extremely telling, while the colour itself is an admirable background for Miss Moore's own personality. As one who thoroughly understands every detail of her own motor, Miss Eva Moore naturally takes an ardent interest in automobilism, and is one of the cleverest of chauffeurs.



BRIDGE FOR BEGINNERS.

By H.H. PRINCESS DUKE SINGH.

Throughout the game it is of the greatest importance to count the cards of every suit, and to remember which is the best card of each suit. It is a mistake to play very slowly, it makes it much more difficult to remember the cards than if you play quickly. Beginners have very often a nervous habit of touching every card in their hand before settling what to play which only serves to confuse them. In America the rules are now very strict, and if the dealer touches one of dummy's cards it counts as played.

A great deal can be learnt by watching good players, but it is a mistake to imagine that you will learn Bridge by playing with people who are very much better than yourself. Their criticisms only confuse and intimidate, so that you play badly. You will learn a great deal more by playing against players worse than yourself, because you will see their mistakes and learn to avoid them. If you thoroughly know the leads, and can play with assurance, remembering every card that falls, you can play Bridge with the best, and need not be afraid of nothing, except, perhaps, a long run of bad luck, to run across which every Bridge player is liable. Above all never lose heart.

Finesse.

The dealer has naturally the greatest advantage on account of being able to make use of the combination of his own and dummy's hands. He can take every possible finesse, and can play false cards in order to deceive his opponents. In a trump game he generally takes the first opportunity to lead trumps, and afterwards makes his plain suits. At No Trumps, of course, his great object is to establish his long suit. In the same way as his adversaries he must hesitate to lose the command of any long adverse suit, unless of course he has every other trick in his hand.

A Possible Slam.

There is a golden rule at Bridge which cannot be too much impressed on the beginner; it is to play to the score. Always make the trick which wins the game; never risk it in the hope of making a possible slam. If you require two tricks to win the game, and can make them if a certain finesse proves successful take the finesse, even if by losing it you should lose the odd trick, unless your adversaries might win the game by its loss.

(Conclusion.)



THE two popular concerts on November 11 and 16 promise to be of particular interest, as the programmes will be devoted to ancient music.

Three members of the Société des Instruments Anciens are coming specially from Paris and will doubtless show that this form of music is not as dull and tiresome as is imagined by many people. As Mr. Plunket Greene is to be an interpreter of the songs of bygone days, the success of the interpretation of ancient music is a foregone conclusion.

Among the instruments is the viola d'amour, whose sentimental appellation owes its derivation from the fact that the sympathetic wires lie beneath the ordinary strings.

This union of sound was supposed by a more poetically-minded generation to represent the agreement of two fond hearts, while the slightest dissension between the different sets of strings might be taken as the sad interpolation of a lovers' quarrel.

A composer whose originality has earned for him an excellent standing in the most critical musical circles is Mr. Cyril Scott, one of whose songs Mrs. Wood will sing at the second Broadwood concert. But Mr. Scott does not confine himself to song writing. He has entered the realm of concerted chamber-music, and is the author of a new quartet which will probably be heard this season at the above concerts; in addition to this three of the solos for which Miss Evelyn Smart is down on the programme of the 19th are from his pen.

Amateurs will be interested in the vocal concerted works by Brahms, which are also to form a part of the above programme. These are trios and quartets for women's voices, with horn and harp accompaniment—fair and beautiful things, and the more interesting, since it is seldom that singers can obtain an accompaniment so unusual for concerted music.

THE PAPERS.

JUSTIFIABLE LIES.

Somebody once defined a justifiable lie as a lie that did no harm to the speaker's neighbours. Is that going far enough? Might not such a lie do harm to the speaker?—"Speculator."

PAstry AND FUNERALS.

A pastry-cook's shop passed some time ago into the mournful hands of an undertaker; but every day, at the conclusion of business, the mournful hands still draw down the old blind bearing the legend "Balls and Parties Catered For." He is conservative, and sees no reason for a change. The one thing leads naturally to the other.—"Bakers' Times."

THE SECRET OF DRESSING.

It is a mere commonplace to say that the science of dressing well is to dress appropriately, and that the dress which looks charming in Hyde Park looks limp and out of place in a country lane. The real crux is to know what clothes will look well in a country lane, especially when one knows that one will meet half one's intimate acquaintances in that same thoroughfare.—"County Gentleman."

LAW OF THE MEDES AND PERSIANS.

There is a school where the boys are not allowed to wear overcoats. The air is decidedly bracing, and a lad with a weak chest keeps his mother, who is miles away, in a constant fever. She sent him a macintosh for wet days, and he is afraid to wear it lest the boy whose mothers are not so thoughtful should make his life a burden.—"Illustrated London News."

FIGHTING WRINKLES.

We take an infinite amount of trouble nowadays with our figures and our complexions; we fight wrinkles with lotions and patent appliances, spend much of our substance on "cures," and eagerly adopt every suggestion to prolong life, whereas if we only bid dull care begone, and cultivated a cheerful temper, a spirit of Mark Tapleyism, we should keep young in face and form and manner.—"Lady's Pictorial."

THE "MUD-TIME GIRL."

Women seem to be instinctively adapting themselves to a state of a perpetual rain. Fashion, with a longer and better vision than the "weather expert," has decreed the abbreviated skirt, which means that there are twenty things that a woman can now do upon an average wet and muddy day, with a comfort unknown and uncounted while trains swept the pavements and the roads, and generally played scavenger. America has given us the "Summer Girl" and the "Rag-time Girl," but we have been left to evolve the "Mud-time Girl."—"Court Journal."

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

THE BARONET IN CORDUROY (a novel). By Albert Lee. G. Bell & Richard. 2s. 6d. net.

THE INOL IN THE TOWN (a novel). By William Le Queux. 2s. 6d. net.

WHERE LOVE IS (a novel). By W. Locke. John Lane. The CREEVEY PAPERS (political social diaries, 1768-1838). Edited by Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell. John Murray.

To-Day's Social News in Town and Country.

YESTERDAY IN TOWN.

45 and 46, New Bond Street.
Monday Evening.

The spell is broken. After a week of fine weather the rain poured down, and this morning was cold, damp, and misty.

The Lord Mayor's Show brought people up from the country in great numbers, but it has long ceased to be in any way a social function, and this was partly accountable for the lack of life in the West-end to-day.

Out and About.

Early in the afternoon Lady Mabel Crichiton, dressed in green frieze, with a pink hat, was starting for a walk; and Lady Evelyn Ward, looking very pretty in black, with a rose-red hat, was with her husband. Mrs. Rupert Beckett, wearing black, with a great cluster of mauve orchids in her dress, was in Bond-street. Young M. de Bille was escorting his sister, who was dressed in blue-grey tweed; Lord Rothschild was in a hansom; Lady Henry FitzGerald was also driving, and Miss Violet Corkran, simply dressed in dark blue, was with her fiancé. Lord and Lady Esher were together, the latter in black, with a white fox boa; and one very smart woman in St. James's-street was wearing very dark grey, with facings of emerald-green, and an emerald-green hat to match.

Monday's Rendezvous.

On Monday Willis's Rooms seem to be the place where most people meet for lunch, and to-day they were filled to overflowing. Lady Essex, in dark blue with a three-cornered green beaver hat ornamented with a single camellia, was lunching with Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, also wearing dark blue. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther was at another table; Lord and Lady Ilchester were together, the latter dressed in black, and with them was Mrs. Clayton, who was Mdlle de Fougeres. Lord and Lady Dudley came in rather late, the latter in a dark mauve dress, and among a great many interesting men were Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Count Mensdorff, Mr. Murrieta, Lord Elcho, Lord Falconer, Sir Berkeley Sheffield, and Mr. Humphrey Sturt.

Skating at Hengler's.

There were a great many people at the National Skating Palace this afternoon, both looking on and skating. Lady Helen Vincent, looking lovely in a neat black costume, came early and stayed late, and Lady White was another energetic skater. The Miss Wilsons were also on the ice, and among the onlookers were Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, dressed in bright red, Lady Coke, and Mr. John Delacour.

To-Day's News.

Sir Edward Colebrooke, who had a slight accident the other evening when dining with Consuelo Duchess of Manchester to meet the

King, is now nearly all right again, and has left town with Lady Colebrooke for Brighton.

Lady Wenlock, who has been in rather bad health lately, has gone to winter in Egypt. She is a very keen skater, and last winter had a fall on the ice, which necessitated an operation. Lord Wenlock and his daughter will remain at Escrick for the winter, but will join Lady Wenlock in Italy in March or April next.

Movements.

Isabella Lady Wilton arrived in town today, and is staying at Claridge's Hotel.

Baron and Baroness de Meyer, who have been staying in Paris for some time, are expected back in town this week.

Invalids.

The Duchesse de Mandas, wife of the Spanish Ambassador, is laid up with an attack of bronchitis at the Embassy in Grosvenor-gardens. Her sisters, the Duchesses de Montecagudo and Senora Inez Brunetti, are with her.

Lady Willshire, who has been suffering for some time from insomnia, has been recommended to go abroad for a month's "cure."

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

On the King's birthday a greater degree of form and ceremony than usual is observable in the royal dinner-party, which, of course, takes place in the beautiful dining room, of which the principal ornaments are the splendid Spanish tapestries which were presented to our Sovereign by the present King of Spain's father. The procedure followed at Sandringham is rather peculiar.

Not till their Majesties and all their guests are seated do the servants enter the apartment. Very fine in their way, as artistic and satisfying to the eye as the wonderful uniform designed by Michael Angelo for the Pope's personal attendants, are the liveries of the King's servants.

The coat is of royal scarlet, so cut as to show a blue waistcoat braided with gold; in place of a collar is worn a gold stock. White satin breeches and silk stockings with buckled shoes complete a costume which looks remarkably well when worn by a row of footmen, not one of whom is under six feet.

The Kaiser's many friends and admirers in this country will sincerely regret the fact that he should have suffered from a throat trouble, however slight, which should necessitate an operation. Until lately the Kaiser was quite in his best form, and singing with that hearty baritone of his to the Kaiserin's accompaniment, *en petit comité* at Potsdam.

Lord Farrer and Miss Evangeline Knox

were married yesterday afternoon at the Church of the Annunciation in Bryanston-street. The bride, who was given away by her grandmother, the late Lady Mabella Knox, at her wedding. The only bridesmaid was Miss Dorothea Knox, the bride's sister, who wore a pink costume, with a black picture hat.

* * *

There was no reception, but among those invited to the church were Lord and Lady Monteagle, the Dowager Lady Iddesleigh, Lord and Lady Hobhouse, Lady Elizabeth Knox, and Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence.

* * *

Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon has gone on a visit to Lady Cromartie at Castle Leod, near Strathpeffer.

* * *

Among the vice-presidents of the new Ladies' Club, the "Military and Naval," are the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Derby, Lady Cadogan, Lady Airlie, Lady Mayo, Lady Suffolk, Lady Raglan, Mrs. Brodrick, and Mrs. Arthur Henriker. Miss Lilian Henniker is the secretary of the club, and the offices are at 163, New Bond-street, where the members of the committee meet weekly to consider applications for membership.

* * *

Although the founding of the club is to provide ladies, relatives of military and naval officers, with a club which shall rank equally with the leading service clubs for men, the mere fact of military or naval relationship will not be sufficient passport. The aim of the club is purely social, and it is intended that membership, so exclusive will it be, shall imply social distinction. The ordinary entrance fee is to be ten guineas for both town and country members, and the subscription ten guineas to town and six guineas to country members.

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Hon. Walter and Lady Margaret Rice have arrived at 24, Chapel-street, Belgrave-square.

The Hon. Gerald Lascelles, Deputy Surveyor of the New Forest, has left England for Egypt for the winter.

Mary Countess of Mar and Kellie and Lady Constance Erskine have returned to 16, Lowndes-square for the winter.

The marriage arranged between Captain Harrington, D.S.O., the King's Regiment, and Gladys Norah, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Grattan, D.S.O., the King's Regiment, will take place in Limerick early in January.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

WITH THE HOUNDS.

The opening meet of the North Shropshire took place yesterday at Prees Heath stables, and the large muster included Mr. Frank Bibby, the Master, Captain Heywood Lonsdale, Captain Radcliffe, Major and Mrs. Lloyd, Captain Ethelston, Colonel Cholmondeley, Colonel Rivers Bulkeley, Lord Hugh Grosvenor, Mr. Walter Dugdale, Mr. Charles Dugdale, etc. Two foxes were accounted for.

The North Cheshire Hounds met yesterday at Astle Hall, under perfect weather conditions. Hounds found a fox at Snelson Gorse, but the chase at no time promised well, and hounds were beaten at Boamish Wood. Short-lived was the career of a fox which was subsequently roused at Rudheath, hounds quickly tumbling him over.

Fox in a Farmhouse.

An extraordinary incident occurred in connection with a meet of the Atherstone Fox-hounds in South Leicestershire yesterday morning. Hounds turned an old dog fox from the spinneys in the vicinity of Kirkby Hall, and in a circling movement it ran into the farmyard of Mr. T. Somers. In an effort to reach the highway the fox was headed by some pedestrians, and he leaped through an open window into the dining-room of the farmhouse, several hounds following. By hiding in the hall he evaded capture until Huntsman Whittemore arrived, when he was lifted from his place of concealment, taken to the open, and thrown to the pack.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10th.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance." —Shakespeare.

Many happy returns to —

Lady Audrey Buller. The Duke of Fife.

Lady Mary Hope. Lord Iveragh.

Lady Adelais Anson. Mr. Alvey Fellowes.

Lady Audrey Buller is a daughter of the fourth Lord Townshend, and is the wife of Sir Redvers Buller. During his absence in South Africa no one worked harder than Lady Audrey on behalf of the wives and families of soldiers.

The Duke of Fife's birthday falls the day after that of his august father-in-law, and of late years he has generally spent the 10th of November at Sandringham.

Long before his marriage to their Majesties' eldest daughter, the Duke, as Earl of Fife, was one of the most popular personages in society.



A fancy dress portrait of Miss MAY GOELET, who marries the DUKE OF ROXBURGHE to-day in St. Thomas's Church, New York.

Thomson, London.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE. To-night at 9. Preceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE. To-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. Shakespeare's KING RICHARD II. Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten.—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. Mr. LEWIS WALLER. To-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. Mrs. WALLER as MONSIEUR BEAUCRAIRE. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Box-office open 10 till 10. IMPERIAL.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, WESTMINSTER. S.W.—Mr. LEWIS WALLER begs to announce that the THEATRE will be CLOSED on SATURDAYS, and NEXT SATURDAY, NOV. 14, as MONSIEUR BEAUCRAIRE being RESUMED on SATURDAY, the 14th, MATINEE and EVENING PERFORMANCE AS USUAL.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE. Mr. J. H. LEIGH will give Representations of Shakespeare's Play, THE Taming of the Shrew, every evening, at 8.30, and until further notice. MATINEES TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 2.30. Sir Arthur Sullivan's Music by the Hall Orchestra. Scenery by H. Potts. Box-office open 10 to 10. Telephone 5,024 Westminster. SPECIAL SATURDAY MATINEES, Nov. 14 and 21.

SHAFTEBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrave. WILLIAMS and WALKER. IN DANCE. 200th PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW (WEDNESDAY). The only real cake walk. WILLIAMS and WALKER. DANCEHALL. MATINEES WED. and SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

STRAND THEATRE. Mr. Frank Curzon, Proprietor and Manager. A CHAMBER OF MOON (8 o'clock). (Established A.D. MCML.) By George Dance. Music by Howard Talbot. 852nd PERFORMANCE TO-DAY. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER—AUTUMN TOUR.—THIS WEEK, LYCEUM THEATRE, EDINBURGH. The run of OLD HEIDELBERG will be resumed at the ST. JAMES'S at the end of January.

ST. JAMES'S HALL. (Lessors, CHAPPELL and CO., LIMITED.) THE STATE ROOM, PICCADILLY. Under the auspices of the Woolbury Lantes. Lecture Bureau (proprietors, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode). THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, at 8 p.m., A LANTERN LECTURE Entitled THE ROMANCE OF THE DAILY MAIL.

By MR. ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH, will be delivered by Mr. J. C. FOUGLER (of the Daily Mail). Dress opens at 7.30. Selections of music will be performed during the evening. ADMISSION, FEE BY TICKET (numbered and reserved). To be obtained on personal application or by post (on sending a stamp addressed envelope) from Messrs. EYRE and SPOTTISWOODE, Great New-street, Fetter-lane, E.C., and from The DAILY MAIL Office, Carmelite House, Taills-street, E.C.

A POLLON SALON, 119, Regent-street, W. APOLLO CONCERTS, Winter Series. THURSDAY NEXT, Nov. 12, at 3.30 p.m. **A POLLON PIANO PLAYER.** THURSDAY NEXT, Nov. 12, at 3.30 p.m. Violinist—Miss EVELYN TYSER. Accompanied by the APOLLO Piano Player.

For special Invitation Cards please apply to the Manager, Concert Department, Apollo House, 119, Regent-street, London, W.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash—Cachepole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

LADY'S Christmas Gift. Stereoscopic Postcard, absolutely unique! Is sample dozen post free. Tardeco Co., 17, Shaftesbury-avenue, W.

LACTA is milk with all its cream, converted into powder by a secret process. To an ounce of LACTA adds a glass of milk, water, and you have it as from the cow. Cost of milk, 1d. per glass. Invaluable to children and invalids, and slightly moistened. Sold in pound tins by all dairymen, grocers, etc., at 1s. 2d. Send 3d. for sample post free, giving name of your grocer. Lacta Co., Devizes.

OLD CORSETS when properly repaired answer the purpose of a NEW PAIR.

We have Special Workrooms for Cleaning, Repairing, and Copying Old Corsets. An Estimate is sent in every case, and, if not agreed to, we return Corsets Cartage Free.

Please mention this paper.

J. W. COOPER & SONS, LTD., WESTBOURNEGROVE, W.

COAL. 1s. 6d.—UNEQUALLED IN LONDON INLAND COLLIERIES SUPPLY COMPANY, 105, Pancras-Road, N.W., and Somers Town High Level, N.W. Inland, Silksone 21s. 6d. Best Kitchen..... 18s. Od. Best Coal..... 19s. 6d. Best..... 18s. 6d. Range Nuts..... 19s. 6d. Coke (per sack) 7s. All qualities special value; trial solicited. Tel. 779 K.C.

BIRTHS. BETT—On the 8th inst., at 9, Cumberland-terrace, Regent's Park, the wife of Staff-Sergeant William Bett, of a son.

ELLIS.—On Nov. 6, at Upper Woodfield, Newland, Malvern, Herefordshire, Lumley Ellis, of a son.

HARE.—On Nov. 5, at Redgate, St. John's Bridge, the wife of H. Hare, of a son.

MONTGOMERY.—On Nov. 4, at Stakehall, Hall, Huntingdon, the wife of Hugh Montgomery, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

DICK CUNYNGHAM.—On Nov. 7, at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, by the Vicar, Rev. Charles Ridgeway, Prebendary of St. Paul's, assisted by Rev. G. N. Child, Honorary Canon of Gloucester. Captain Sir William Stead, D.L., of the Royal Engineers, married to Evelyn (Eva), elder daughter of Arthur Fraser, Esq., 10, Cravenhill, Hyde Park.

MARSH.—On Nov. 7, at Watertown Parish Church, by the Rev. R. M. Carrick, vicar of St. Saviour's, Hoxton, assisted by the Rev. G. M. Livett, vicar of St. Paul's, and Rev. W. H. Martin, curate. Mrs. Marsh, Esq., of Park Corner, Heckfield, Winchester, Hants, to Mary Dorothy, eldest daughter of the late Bertie Peter Cator, of Beckenham.

DEATHS. BELLWITT—On the 5th inst., at Colleshill House, Colleshill, Warwickshire, Captain Ludovic Bellwitt, the beloved wife of Matthew John Bellwitt.

MCGLADE.—On Nov. 6, at Armidale, N.S.W., Australia, Agnes (Aggie) McGlaide, wife of Francis Alphonsus McGlaide, late daughter of Colonel Archibald Hume of Auchendochy, Kincardineshire.

SENIOR.—On Nov. 5, at 60, Thurlow-square, S.W., suddenly, Theodosia Sydney, widow of the late Edward Senior, Esq., Law Commissioner in Ireland, aged 86.

SMART.—On Nov. 6, at 10, Grosvenor Gardens, second son of Edward J. Smart, of Rio de Janeiro, aged 21.

WEBB.—On the 4th inst., in London, Dacres Hope Wise, age 39, eldest son of Lieutenant-General Sir Alexander Loudiswell, Devon. State Settlements paper, please copy.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—

2, CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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The Daily Mirror.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1903.

THE WOMAN JOURNALIST.

By "QUEX."

IT is generally acknowledged that the work of journalism is difficult even for men. A woman over-sensitive and not of good constitution, and, above all, without plenty of pluck, might better choose some other arena for her battle with life than a newspaper office.

There are, of course, numerous departments of work, such as reviewing, art criticism, fashion writing, and the like that are admirably conducted by women who are rarely brought in contact with the actual life of the office or its politics, but these positions are the plums that do not fall in every lap, but are apt to come as rewards for harder work in other fields.

The almost constant association with men in the reportorial department of a journal, the discipline of the office, the late and irregular hours, as well as the nature of the work itself, are not calculated to increase the gentleness or reserve of a woman's nature, while, on the other hand, all these are factors which will educate and broaden the mind and familiarise the woman writer with life in its real and varied aspects.

But there is an undoubted tendency with the debutante in this work toward the dead blight of "new womanism" which it is difficult to escape.

There are undoubtedly women who have preserved their womanliness, not only of soul but of manner, through years of journalistic work, work which has taken them into scenes unpleasant to look upon and more unpleasing to write about.

They have learned to accustom themselves to the unconventionalities of office work and the frequent brusqueness of editors, understanding that the present attitude of men employed upon a journal is one of kindness, good fellowship, and sympathy for the women workers on the staff.

If a woman contemplating an entrance upon the journalistic stage be possessed of a nature that cannot readily accustom itself to meeting men on a basis of business companionship, she will never be able to reconcile herself to the exigencies of the life.

If she regards a hat worn in her presence as an affront, and a cigar smoked without her consent as an insult, then she should choose any other profession than that of a newspaper writer.

The work itself differs greatly from the preconceived notions of the enthusiastic aspirants who seek to enter the field. They picture it in a haze of egotistic inspiration. The fascination of seeing their names in print possesses them. The reality is an amazing contrast. Little of the silver lining shows in the clouds that first darken the path of the young searcher for newspaper laurels.

She soon learns that it is her duty to strive against obstacles which seem, and often are, insurmountable; to be impervious to weather conditions; to go without rest or food or sleep for hours when it is necessary, and to employ all sorts of means to obtain the information she seeks.

The experience is not calculated to refine a girl's nature, although it may strengthen it. Nor does her editor's reproof if she fail

encourage her to worthier effort. And, as a final blow, there is shortage in her weekly envelope which she stands in line with the men to receive. All this does not add to her personality that charm which poets compare to the dew on the rose leaf.

It is true that every successful woman in all professions—the doctor, the teacher, the author—realises that she buys her success at the price of this perhaps superficial charm.

It is possible to love a profession, but it is best to look at it squarely, with all its difficulties in view, when writing of it for the perusal of women idealists, and all women are idealists who have these leanings for artistic work of any sort.

The pecuniary returns of newspaper work are better than those received from some other professions in which women are gaining a foothold.

A few of the leading women journalists command salaries and incomes ranging from £300 to £2,000 a year. Many of these women have drifted from the actual field of the newspaper to magazine and syndicate work, their names commanding a price and their work on order proving so remunerative that they will not accept salaried positions. But this is a condition which is only reached after much hard work, conscientious and earnest in every detail.

There are no butterflies among the successful women writers of the day. And there are many splendid, broad-minded women viewing life as it is with a clear vision and great charity for the weaknesses of human nature, and a magnificent comprehension of the good there is everywhere.

LITTLE GREAT GRANDMOTHER.

By MRS. F. NEVILL JACKSON.

IF our grandmothers had only known! Could they have peeped into the print sale catalogues of the future, what a pleasant little inheritance the dear old ladies might have left to their deserving descendants by the expenditure of a very few pounds.

Suppose, for example, our dear little grandmother, or great grandmother, as the case might be, had arranged her ringlets, put on her sarcenet bonnet of the correct poke shape, and, donning her shawl or pelerine, had placed ten one pound Bank of England notes in her reticule, she could have purchased a veritable gold-mine for the great grandchildren of to-day.

It is to the sale of Sir Thomas Laurence's collection of prints that she must turn her little sandalled slippers, and as it is on a bright May day that the sale takes place she may dispense with the hackney coach, which will give her another crown to spend at the sale. This, if judiciously laid out, will mean another hundred pounds' worth for the future grandchild, interest on the money at the rate of how much per cent.? No matter—we have no time to "do sums," for the first lot is being disposed of, and the little great-grandmother clutches her reticule tightly, for she is slightly flustered.

Eight portraits of ladies are offered, all full length mezzotints, of "Lady Elizabeth Herbert, Countess Spencer, etc., etc." explains the catalogue. Great grandmother bids and obtains the lot for £3 6s. (would that she had, for Lady Herbert alone fetches little great-grandmother clutches her reticule tightly, for she is slightly flustered.

The next lot of mezzotint portraits, consisting of Lady Louisa Manners, Lady Charles Spencer, L'Allegro (Mrs. Hall), Lady Mary Leslie, which is a touched proof, all go to great-grandmother for £2 3s. (if only they had, for Lady Louisa Manners sells now for 141 guineas; the rest for not much less than three figures each).

The last lot that little grannie can invest in, for her roll of notes is less bulky now, contains: "The Duchess of Rutland, the three Ladies Waldegrave, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Jane Halliday, etc." She buys them for £3 10s., and at the present day the Duchess of Rutland is worth a thousand guineas, and the Ladies Waldegrave 58s guineas.

Come away, little great-grandmother of our imagination, close the carved pinchbeck snap of your reticule, your one pound notes are spent. Take your prints home with you and lay them away in a warm, dry, but not too dry cupboard, where their velvety freshness will never be rubbed nor disturbed, and beneath them to your great-granddaughter. You have endowed her with at least £3,000 worth of property, not a bad morning's work with your ten one pound notes.

She soon learns that it is her duty to strive against obstacles which seem, and often are, insurmountable; to be impervious to weather conditions; to go without rest or food or sleep for hours when it is necessary, and to employ all sorts of means to obtain the information she seeks.

The experience is not calculated to refine a girl's nature, although it may strengthen it. Nor does her editor's reproof if she fail

BACK GARDENS.

By ADRIAN ROSS.

THERE was a time when I travelled in and out of town by suburban lines that ran chiefly above the surface, on brick viaducts. Now my ways are mostly subterranean. Like the amateur singer, I go "deeper and deeper still," and only leave the Underground for the Tube.

But when I journeyed at the height of the first or second storey I made a study of the back gardens of certain semi-suburban and suburban quarters of London. Nothing could be more interesting as a revelation of the essential differences of mankind.

How Does Your Garden Grow?

I remember that I formed the habit of observing the strips of ground very carefully during the leisurely jaunt and occasional pauses of my daily trains. I had not then acquired the taste for newspapers, which has since become an enthralling vice. Also my budget, though not too meagre, would not bear a large expenditure on unprofitable paper. Besides, at that time, I used to read books. So I found myself speculating (though Sherlock Holmes was not then) on the lives and characters of the dwellers in these houses, from their back gardens. "Tell me what you grow," said, or might have said, the philosopher, "and I will tell you what you are."

Cats and Bats.

Some of the dwellers by the railway seemed to grow nothing except cats and bats—brickbats, I mean. Of course, by day the cats were not especially prominent; only two or three shrunk furtively about, or escaped from dogs or children by three leaps that took them respectively to the lid of the dustbin, the roof of the wash-house, and the top of the garden wall.

The brickbats, however, remained; and it was not too much strain on the observer to infer that at night the cats came out after one another, and the brickbats came out after the cats. One did not see any other evidence of cultivation in the cat and bat gardens; except that in the early evening a man might be seen with a pipe in his mouth, wandering about his garden, and occasionally stopping to pick something up. Apparently he was gathering the harvest of brickbats that he had scattered the night before, and making ready for the coming night's crop of cats.

An Old-fashioned Garden.

Perhaps the next garden to this sinister wilderness was a perfect bower of greenery and flowers. Some City clerks, with country tastes and an inborn love of gardening (and, after all, it is the oldest trade for men), had contrived a rustic summer-house smothered with ivy, and a grass plot constellated with gay little beds of bright leaves and flowers, and had trained plants and trees up his wall, and veiled the mean, dingy bricks of his house with a mat of Virginia creeper, that the autumn kindled to royal crimson.

There on still warm evenings he would come out with his pale wife and sharp-faced child, and smoke a frugal pipe, and look up at the misty stars and dodge the larger smuts, and dream of retiring some day on a modest competence to a quiet village many miles away. No doubt a labourer in the village looked at the same stars, clearer in his smokeless sky, and longed for the thronging hall and public-house.

Sundry Gardens.

And the next garden would be rigidly correct, clean-swept, and divided between green grass and even gravel, with never a flower—a very Grandigrad of a garden.

Another told of an inventor; crazy tangles of rustic machinery roosted in it, and a man with wild eyes and no coat gazed mournfully on the skeleton of his hopes, or added fresh failures to the pile. Yet another tenant grew nothing but rubbish, ashes and crockery and old iron; and I found I could trace the growth of his heap from day to day, as if it had been some tropical plant; for the gardens on either side of his contributed from their surplus production. The process of "dumping" was understood even in those days.

Envol.

I wonder if I should remember any of those gardens if I went past them again. I fear they are not there to remember, for the railway has doubled its line since those days, and

The Decade screams to the signal's gleams, Where clerks grew roses, and I grew dreams.

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WORLD.

NOVEMBER 10.—We think to-day of the saddest chapter in the story of England's queens: it is the anniversary of the end of Queen Caroline's trial. All England rejoiced at her acquittal, and the town was illuminated from end to end.

But George IV, did not love his Queen, so little so that he would have given her £1,000 a week to resign her crown. Her name passed from the Liturgy, and we can see now in imagination the terrible scene at Westminster Abbey on coronation morning.

Caroline arrived at the Abbey in a carriage drawn by six horses, and surely enough she was the last to appear in the procession!

She was asked for her ticket, and because she had none the first woman in the land, whose place was beside the king, was refused admission.

"She was compelled," one chronicler tells us, "to retire amid the cries and shouts of the populace, which were heard within the walls of the sacred edifice where the Monarch was enthroned."

What a moment that was for an English queen!



SOME SMART TOILETTES.

THE ROBE TAILLEUR.

THE severely tailor-made has ceased to exist for the time being, and its place has been usurped by a garment conspicuous for much and varied garniture.

A very successful toilette, calling itself a robe tailleur, is of navy blue serge. The bodice is arranged in box pleats; down the centre come four pairs of diamond-shaped medallions contrived from dull red velvet embroidered in white silk edelweiss, about the throat being a high, twisted cravat of ruby taffetas tied in a stiff bow under the chin, and on either shoulder and taking in the upper portion of the arm there is a mosaic-like pattern composed of five squares of embroidered velvet, this same design reappearing just above the elbow and again on the cuff, which is softened with a frill of écru lace. The pleated skirt continues the double medallions straight down the middle, while all round the bottom are grouped sets of five motifs corresponding with those on the corsage.

Of moleskin cloth is another elegant and uncommon costume. This boasts a bodice composed of inch-wide pleats, which pouches over a deep belt of almond-green galon, the yoke and vest consisting of smocked green chiffon, the circular cape and fronts being bordered with narrow green braid, punctuated with tiny silver buttons and edged with a strip of moleskin fur; other trimming taking the form of larger buttons of green galon, which vaunt worked silver stars; the pleated jupe, introducing three short vertical pads on either hip of green braid, tipped with silver buttons; broad green braid appearing on the hem, excepting just in front, at the extreme edge a glimpse of fur becoming visible.

A Breakfast Dress.

In this idea our readers are indeed treasure trove. Everybody knows what it is to feel tired in the early morning and thoroughly resentful of having to endure on first rising the pressure of a tight band, for in these days of high belts the waist must be rather well fitted despite all the warnings of ultra-hygienists. And yet, of course, there are serious objections to a breakfast gown. There is something thoroughly demoralising about it. One feels that one has begun the day by courting an idle mood. Then, too, everybody likes to feel brisk first thing in the day, and who could possibly feel brisk in a garment without a waist? But a breakfast dress is quite another thing. It is just a very simple little gown fastening down the side of the front, with the bodice and skirt all in one, and a simple soft satin waistband. The material chosen is a French flannel in some chic design; for instance, small and large dark blue outre spots on a white ground. Or a solid stripe alternating with one of broken character. Nor is a plain colour to be despised, preferably one of delicate tint, though the natural contingency of a cleaning process should never be overlooked. The wide box pleat down the front of the bodice is continued the length of the skirt, which is further pleated in the usual way. The box pleat is edged with tiny velvet buttons set very close together. The only other trimming comprising bands of coarse lace. One of the most charming things about these dresses is that they may be carried out in any bright colour, which would be impossible for street wear, and yet is most refreshing at the breakfast table.

Some Very Exclusive Hints.

At last we have had certain encouraging atmospheric indications that we shall be permitted to wear our beautiful peltry elegance with something approaching justification. That we should have worn them under any conditions is a foregone conclusion tempering the vague under unseasonable conditions, by various small subterfuges such as delicate diaphanous blouses. For what woman with any self-respecting knowledge in modesty matters is prepared to lose so enchanting a possibility of proclaiming herself a monument of modish gracefulness.

Fur, even its mildest presentment, carries a marked dignity, and when we come to glorious long sacques of chinchilla and sable, manoeuvred by skilled fingers into subtle indescribable godets, falling from a yoke, divided into two and even three tiers by a delf

HOUR GLASS OF FASHION

disposal of the skins, the sleeves falling full from deep caps or epaulettes, similarly treated, then we may be indeed forgiven for breaking every commandment pertaining to acquirements.

Tailless ermine is one of the furs most sought after by "élégantes." The chief among our English artists in dress shows an exquisite set in this skin, the muff adorned at the lower edge with a double row of pendant scallops of the fur bordered with a black chenille ball fringe and falling over a

deep under frill of Paris coloured lace, the pelerine being carried out to correspond. Another set of great beauty and originality has at intervals down the length of the pelerine "plaques" of the fur ornamented with wheel designs in dark contrasting seal. From each "plaque" hangs a graceful fall of lace. A delicious muff has a bunch of delicately tinted silk and ribbon-worked flowers, including realistic sprays of mignonette, on a white satin surface, framed on either side by a wide band of tailless ermine.



THE LATEST FROM PARIS.

SOME STRONG OPINIONS.

THE question of who makes the modes is of perennial interest, and always disputed. It is one that grows more and more complicated, and, at the same time, more comprehensible, because the making and unmaking of the fashions has become a commerce, and has its trade regulations.

No Queen, except Eugénie, has set the fashions since the eighteenth century, and consequently the twentieth century is notable in its infancy for a curious incoherence in its modes. If the fashions are significant of the age, what a singular impression our epoch will make upon those who, in future times, study our manners from the many documents that will be preserved. Artificialities, vulgarities under the guise of audacity, false luxury, false simplicity, a poverty of invention are traits that are too common. A mode that transforms itself almost day by day, and which at the change of each season changes itself with more or less brusqueness—this does not denote the taste of which the couturières are so proud, but the lack of it, and truly elegant women will do well to follow the fashion discreetly, and weigh well its aesthetical side before accepting a sartorial revolution indiscriminately. Ideas of beauty change with the age, but they do not change day by day, and there is a bit of the vulgar ostentation of the traditional nouveau riche in the mondaine's desire to banish a creation of rich materials, made by an artist and costing hundreds of francs, that yesterday roused her keenest envy, and for no other reason than that it has ceased to be recherché. There is too much of recherché, too much of passing fantasy.

The Cause of Style.

It is uniformity that gives style to an epoch, and this is a quality that the present fashions lack. And where is the fault? "It is not the philosophy of the modes," says Paul Bourget, "but the psychology of the couturier that we must study to reach the cause of this state of things, and the psychology of the couturier is, without exception, but the exigencies of commerce." If this is true what a shocking state of things.

This is a degeneration indeed from the times when one woman of beauty and taste, such as Marie Antoinette, ruled the world of dress. But a greater time still is to come for beautiful and healthful dressing when woman as a whole—this wonderful, active, and thoughtful modern woman—takes matters into her own hands and disdainfully listens, unheeded, to the inevitable quarterly Boos! of greedy manufacturers and tailors.

We in Paris have not been without signs that this was soon to be the case, for the woman of taste, in contradistinction to the "smart woman," is becoming more and more personal in her ideas, and is inflicting with more and more firmness this personality upon her couturière. Significant, also, is the manner in which littérateur and artist are inquiring into the matter of feminine fashions, criticising, approving, suggesting, discussing it from philosophical, psychological, physiological, aesthetic, and sociological sides, bringing into play their wit as well as their scholarship, taste as well as reason. And once culture seizes upon these questions the modern feminine voice will be heard with accents of authority.

Marcel Prevost is a French writer who has for the last few years devoted many columns in his leading article in the "Figaro" to discussing these modern dress problems, the corset, the short skirt, modern rational work-a-day garb, feminine luxury, etc. He has laid special stress upon the danger there is to the supremacy that French fashions have held in the world hitherto, a supremacy endangered at once by the commercialism that regulates them to-day, and in the backwardness of the woman's movement in France, as compared to England, Germany, and America.

Paul Bourget says, "The ideal costume is the one that, while respecting the modesty, least conceals the natural lines of the figure."

DRESSES WORN BY THE LADY MAYORESS AND HER MAIDS OF HONOUR AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

The beautiful gown worn by Miss Ritchie was of ivory Duchesse satin, the skirt veiled in old Limerick lace, enhanced by pearl and iridescent paillette embroidery, and falling over soft frills of crystalline muslin. The full Court train of Duchesse satin, shaped with a deep flounce of Limerick lace, a family heirloom, the whole softened by a doublet of crystalline muslin. The eight Maids of Honour were daintily and attractively gowned in white Orient satin, veiled in crystalline muslin, the skirt set on with many gaugings, and completed by a deep shaped flounce, decorated with graduated tufts, the waist pouched over a sash of handsome Oriental satin ribbon.



Entertaining

The Ideal Children's Party.

AMONG the many pleasant things that winter brings with it are the children's parties. These should be divided into two classes, those for the tiny tots up to eight years old, and those for bigger children from eight to fourteen.

After fourteen, as a rule, the present-day boys and girls despise a children's party with games, and much prefer only dancing, and if the party be a mixed one, with grown-ups as well as juveniles, so much the better in their eyes, and the dancing will be kept up sometimes until one or two in the morning.

No children under the age of four should be allowed to go to a big party; they do not enjoy it, but get bewildered and frightened, and the end is often a fit of crying and a pitiful request to be taken home.

The Dreaded Shyness.

Parties for the tiny ones should not be too long duration. From four to half-past six is quite long enough. Tea should be served half an hour after the children arrive, as the time before always seems to drag a little. Children are such funny little things, and however well they know each other, until they have had their tea, they will stand looking shyly at one another clad in their pretty party frocks, as if they had never met before, and will resist all endeavours of mothers and friends to induce them to play games. After tea it is quite a different matter, the ice is broken and the little ones begin to feel at home.

Flowers and Iced Cakes.

For tea, have the tables prettily laid, with bright flowers as decorations. Let all the bread and butter and bread and jam be cut in the form of sandwiches, which will prevent jam and butter being spread over the pretty frocks. Have dishes of little iced cakes, as they look pretty and the children love them. A large iced cake profusely decorated should be the centre-piece of the tea-table, and there should be lots of fancy biscuits, as they are

a joy to the little ones. Bonbons also should be in abundance, but see that none of the children are frightened of them.

After tea there should be one central event in the evening, such as a bran pie or a treasure ship.

If a bran pie is to be the central feature of the evening, let that be in a separate room, and see that a sheet be spread on the floor beneath it. The pie should be formed of a round wooden box, decorated with evergreens, and the lid should be painted to look like an iced cake. A wedge must be cut out of the lid, so that the children can put their hands down into the pie.

A Treasure Ship.

A treasure ship is a very pretty sight. A model yacht is wanted for it. It should stand on a small table, and round it should be piled up all the little presents for the children, wrapped in white paper and tied with white ribbon; the parcels should be piled right on to the deck. Sprinkle the whole ship with powdered frost, and all through the rigging hang icicles, such as are sold for decorating Christmas trees.

A strong light should be thrown on the ship, which will really look pretty. The writer has seen lighted tapers put on the ship itself, but this is dangerous where there are little children.

Much Desired Parcels.

Let the children march into the room where the ship is, and when they have looked at it well, let some responsible person give out the parcels, each of which should have one child's name written on it.

About a quarter of an hour before the party breaks up let the children all go to the dining room, for jelly, lemon sponge, fruit, cake, and biscuits.

Never let them leave when they are very hot, as so many colds and chills are caught thereby, and the children should be carefully wrapped up, as they are probably wearing far

thinner clothing than they usually do.

A party for elder children might be organised in much the same way as one for the little ones, but, of course, it will not break up so soon. Have tea directly the children have arrived, and after tea let there be dancing and games, as some of the children, boys especially, get very weary of only dancing, and such games as "blow the feather," "lodgings to let," if noise be not minded, and "musical chairs" always find favour. Should there be a Christmas tree, magic-lantern, Punch and Judy, snap-dragon, or a short play, let that come at the end of the party.

Just before the time mentioned on invitation cards for breaking up, let the children return to the dining-room for light refreshments. Have sandwiches of all kinds, savoury eggs, jellies, cake and fruit, with coffee, chocolate, and lemonade to drink. Do not have a sit-down supper; it is a great mistake at a children's party.

When the Party is Over.

After supper it will be time for the children to go home, and by arranging that they do not go away in the midst of the games and dancing, they are not over-heated, and are far less likely to catch cold.

To make a children's party a success, one or two grown-ups are wanted to organise and arrange the games, as children always prefer to follow a given lead. For the elder children there should be a programme pinned to the back of the piano, or in some other prominent place, stating the order of the games and dances.

WALLPAPER AND HAPPINESS.

AN IMPRESSIONIST STUDY IN COLOUR.

The other afternoon, when calling upon a friend, the writer was struck with the idea that every woman is not sufficiently careful to dress herself in harmony with her own drawing room.

This hostess, however, proved to be one of the lucky women who know that every detail must be studied to perfect the composition of a picture, and in this case every visitor who entered that drawing room had her eye arrested at once by such a happy scheme of colour that a sense of delight was the immediate result.

A Room of Gold.

The room itself was an instance of the effectiveness of gold, used as a background to a woman's dress. The walls were covered with pale gold brocaded paper, with a design,

not too pronounced, of lover's knots and garlands.

As one came in, a general impression of brightness seemed to emanate from the room and create a golden atmosphere of its own. The amber-coloured walls, lit up by the lucent flames of a bright fire and illuminated with electric light in golden globes, radiated a glow that at once cheered and warmed the spirits of the most depressed visitor.

A Living Picture.

At the tea table, covered with a linen tea cloth, bordered and appliquéd with pale apple green linen, sat the hostess, a charming woman of eight and twenty, with bronze chestnut hair, arranged in a high coiffure. A large black velvet butterfly bow was fastened at exactly the right angle at the left side of the coil, coming well to the front as though to finish the waved pompadour. Every woman present coveted the frock of palest silvery grey collienne silk, the skirt tucked seven or eight rows above the hem, and sweeping behind her in a graceful train. The bodice was veiled with a glittering arrangement of grey sequins and iridescent mother-of-pearl trimming, while from the throat fell a long graceful jabot of Mechlin lace. Beneath this glitter one caught glimpses of apple green panne, a band of which edged the high collar and made a most becoming environment for the clear magnolia skin of the hostess.

Was it French Influence?

The high waistbelt of grey and apple-green panne was finished at the back with a series of smart little bows of the same hues. The sole touch of colour in jewellery was a quaint brooch of diamonds and rubies fashioned like a lute, while the rings worn consisted entirely of diamonds and pearls. Was it the French blood in the veins of the hostess that was responsible for this delightful scheme of colour—gold, green, and silvery-grey, all happily united? And was it the same trait that was responsible for the atmosphere of bonhomie that reigned all the afternoon throughout the room, when even the conversation seemed to emit a sparkle, and the mea-visitors appeared for once absolutely content with their surroundings?

Cecil Significance.

If it be true that every colour bears some occult significance and conveys its own impressions for good or evil on the mind of the beholder, then surely every hostess should be duly careful to see that upon her At Home days both her walls and her gowns should be chosen to convey the same impression of gaiety and charm that was received by every visitor on this particular afternoon.

DICKINS & JONES.

The "SPECIALITÉ CORSET."

REGD.

The "SPECIALITÉ CORSET" is manufactured under scientific supervision, the cut and make being perfect. Each bone is placed in the position requiring support, without impeding or checking the proper exercise of the muscles, allowing perfect freedom of action to the whole frame; all these advantages are obtained, with an additional elegance of form, as the illustrations will show.

The "SPECIALITÉ CORSET" is made of the best materials, and fitted throughout with Real Whalebone (busts and side-steel excepted), best sewing and perfect finish. The quality of the "SPECIALITÉ CORSET" will be found 25 per cent better, at the price, than any other Corset offered to the public.

TESTIMONIAL.

"Ighfield House, White Knowle Road, Buxton, August 28th, 1903."

Mrs. C. Davies writes:—"More than eighteen years ago I purchased a 'Specialité Corset' since then I have occasionally tried many other kinds which have been recommended to me, but I have always gone back to the 'Specialité Corset,' as by far the best, and I am convinced that the 'Specialité Corsets' are the best."

TYPE 8.—The "SPECIALITÉ CORSET," Straight Front. Long waist, medium height bust and back, White Coutille and Real Whalebone, 27/6; Black, unlined, 29/6. Strong Suspenders for this Corset, in White or Black, with Tabs, 3/- per pair; without Tabs, 2/6.

TYPE 11.—The "SPECIALITÉ CORSET," Straight Front, Medium Waist. Cut low in bust and back, suitable for day or evening wear, in White Coutille and Real Whalebone, 16/6; in Black, unlined, 18/6 complete. Suspenders extra; prices, in White or Black, with Tabs, 2/6; without Tabs, 2/6.

TYPE 12.—This new form of The "SPECIALITÉ CORSET," Straight Front, has been carefully designed to give a long-waisted effect, cut very low in the bust, deep on the hips, and slightly boned under the arms to prevent the figure spreading. It will be found to give a smart appearance without any undue compression of the stomach, and is absolutely comfortable. Price, in White Coutille and Real Whalebone, 25/6; in Black Coutille, 27/6; in Coutille Broché, 29/6 per pair. Specially strong Suspenders, 2/6 per pair.



Type 10 Z.

THE
"SPECIALITÉ
CORSET"
STRAIGHT

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(as illustration), long waist, in White Coutille and Real Whalebone, 19/6; and also in Black, unlined, 21/- complete. Special Suspenders for wearing with this type of Corset, in White or Black, with Tabs, 2/6; without Tabs, 2/6.

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Upon application, I can lend money on notes of hand, Mr. J. WOOLEY, 103, Regent-street, London, W. All matters strictly private. Established over 25 years.

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How to have a beautiful face and figure. How to have beautiful hair and skin without curling pins or tongs. Little people can be made to grow. Red faces can be cured and ugly shape can be improved.

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Millinery: To-day's Shopping, and about Furs.

THE DIFFICULT ART OF MILLINERY

APROPOS OF hats one is tempted to exclaim:—
“Oh! how hard it is to find
The one just suited to one's mind.”

As a matter of fact, it is rare to see a hat that is “chic,” and really shows its wearer off to the best possible advantage, and yet, strangely enough, the trying on of new chapeaux is universally allowed to be a favourite feminine occupation. The secret of success or failure of a hat lies in the shape, and is far less dependent on the trimming than those in authority would have us believe.

No garniture can make an unbecoming shape becoming, and it is a mistake to imagine that it will. Just now, when so many styles prevail that it is impossible to select any one in particular and declare it to be more fashionable than the others, it should not be a hard matter to find something suitable. Where numbers of women err is that they enter a shop with the avowed intention of buying a hat, or rather a head covering of some sort. After trying on several and discovering nothing that they particularly care for, they

will take the one which caricatures them the least. It does not occur to them to think,

“Will this go well with my sealskin coat?” or

Is this the identical

toque that I want to make my black toilette genuinely chic?

If a woman be blessed with instinctive good taste in matters of dress it is not necessary for her to go through this complex reasoning, as she will know intuitively exactly what she requires. For those who are not so endowed by nature a few hints may prove of service, and certainly they are badly needed to judge by the truly appalling millinery one is perpetually encountering. To commence with, a woman who has a small face and long, thin throat should avoid a very large hat, while a woman with a broad face must not affect a

from any disposition to depart from the way into which it has been trained.

So much for the defence of the material. Now to extol the virtues of that new skirt, a thing of several parts, it is true, but so perfectly planned as to prove of the simplest order of construction. Much that is possible, moreover, obtains in the bodice, set in the popular Dana Gibson pleats, the front opening upon a plain, cloth vest, surmounted by a pointed velvet collar, the corners weighted with tassels. And, in conclusion, here is a suggested scheme of colouring. Tabac brown tweed, checked

those of the rarest beasts, the entire animal kingdom would appear to be paying toll this year. Formerly we condescended but to take upon ourselves the mantle of seal, or sable, or ermine, but now no living thing seems too lowly for our greed, even the little mole may no longer burrow in peace; indeed, it is the favourite victim of the hour; while not satisfied with the evincing scorn for the horse as a locomotive power, we enclose ourselves in the skins of ponies—there is a subtle barbarism in this—and the Greenland seal and the squirrel have been elevated to distinction by unnatural alliances with racoon, lynx, and skunk, while fox is ever in the running.

Then, having secured what someone unkindly called “the skins of other beasts” we proceed to—its desecrate or decorate them, I wonder?—with a frenzied fringe of divers tails and silken passementeries and a prodigal doting of eyes set in incongruous heads. Well, it is all part of this wonderful scheme of fashion, and much praise should be bestowed upon the furriers who have with such promptitude and ingenuity supplied our needs. “Has anyone seen our cat?” used to be a favourite catchword of London; were one editing an Ollendorf the answer would be, “Yes, round the neck of my sister.”

A PERSUASIVE PLAGIARISM.

But, to be more serious, these cheap furs look extremely well. The mole has a most satisfactory plagiarist in rabbit, the colour being carefully selected, the decoration of silken galon or Chinese embroidery being chosen with discretion. White rabbit is oversown with little black tails, perhaps snapped from an infant kitten, who knows? In any case they will well simulate ermine to the uninitiated eye, and the ingenious find many possible imitations for sealskin; and since it was Henry Arthur Jones who solemnly revealed the indisputable fact that all women look well in furs, it is just as well that all women should see that they get them, and to reveal the origin of these is perhaps unkind.

If you scratch the Russian sable you may discover the Canadian cat; but do not scratch the Russian sable, leave it to assume all virtues if it has them not. There is great temptation to explain the true inwardness of another woman's furs, and point out that caracul is not broadtail, hare is not fox, and musquash was born of no seal; and it should be written perhaps in the pages of the nice woman's diary “Don't bell the cat.”

TO-DAY'S SHOPPING.

A COMPREHENSIVE DISPLAY.

That the house of Stagg and Mantle has contrived to meet the requirements of a large proportion of the purses not too heavily endowed is a world-renowned fact. And those of us who have tasted the admirable fruits of this administration have learnt that, given only a comparatively speaking moderate sum to expend, there is no more satisfactory establishment whereto to lay it out than in this exceptionally central one in Leicester-square.

In the little things of dress, the details that to-day mean everything to the well-turned-out woman, there is ever the best and most comprehensive display. A though recalling some marvellous sets comprising a fashionably shaped flat tie and muff in a variety of pelts at prices naturally varying somewhat, but exceptionally low throughout. In fact, with regard to these, it would be wise not to stand on the order of their buying, but buy quickly, for their like is not to be secured every day.

To return, however, to the blouse department, the selection there is fully maintained this season, where choice runs from the very simplest shirt, priced at a few shillings, to recherche ravishments at several guineas. And out of the galore, two have been granted the privilege of being illustrated in the group below.

The model to the left reveals a really desirable flannel blouse in blue and cream stripes, tiny gold buttons ornamenting the box pleat, the throat prettily finished with cravat of ribbon velvet. While the slightly more fussy example is in fine cream delaine, ornamented with very wide insertion of coffee colour coarse torchon lace.

SEDUCTIONS IN SHOES AND BOOTS.

Few women on shopping intent fail to pause before the attractively set out window of the American Shoe Company, 169, Regent-street, the corner of New Burlington-street, where the previous note of the doings in footgear command instant and interested study. The evening shoes are always singularly persuasive, and carry evidence of the best and most knowledgeable taste, the decorative motive being always subordinated to a pleasing silhouette.



THE CHARMS OF THE TAILOR-MADE.

Chapeau the brim of which is wide in front and narrow behind, as this tends to give her a flat appearance the reverse of becoming, also when choosing a toque she must exercise the utmost discretion.

The Best Angle.

Picture hats, laden with sweeping plumes, are a mistake excepting on grand tenu and in a carriage, while feathers, altogether, are bad style before lunch-time. For morning wear millinery cannot be too simple. A slender, pale face is seen to best advantage framed by a square chin requiring a hat. Only the possessor of a round, babyish face can safely indulge in the delights of a floppy bonnet. The dainty owner of a nez retroussé affects a hat that comes down over her hooked nose is instantly rendered unpleasantly conspicuous by a chapeau raised up sharply in front.

Of course, a great deal depends on the way a hat is put on. Too much care cannot be exercised in ascertaining the exact angle at which it appears best, for a degree to the right or left makes a vast amount of difference. Very often a chapeau that is exceedingly pretty in the hand is ugly on the head and vice versa.

A TEMPTATION IN TWEED WITH A NEW SKIRT.

There is no pleasanter or more satisfactory fabric for the home worker to attack than an average weight tweed. It is so thoroughly amenable to treatment, and is entirely free

over in fine lines of dull red; the little vest of pale tan cloth, and collar of Aubergine velvet, Quantity of double-width tweed, seven yards. Flat pattern, 6d.; tucked up, including flat, 2s. 7d.

A TALE OF THE CAT.

NOTES ABOUT FURS.

HERE is a time-honoured old story of a disappointed purchaser who, complaining of a cheap second-hand coat because it had the moth, was asked whether he “expected humming birds for the money.” The carping critics who decry the sartorial use of dyed rabbit and doctored catskins remind one of this, with a difference. Everybody cannot secure a Russian sable—and, in parentheses, it may be noted that few who ask for it can see whether they get it—and the fur garment has become a necessity of woman, while bad business is the lot of man, and the two states must be accommodated. Hence the supply of coats of inferior fur is but an answer to the demand urged by the cry of fashion for change, and the shout of the masculine that he has not any.

Defence of Imitations.

Thus the humble cat and her family are called upon to sacrifice their lives on the altar of the domestic hearth, and who shall say that their reincarnation as a bolero and muff to match may not be the paradise of their

Besides the cat and rabbits, whose skins are lured by the tanner to closest kinship with



A SIMPLE AND AN ELABORATE BLOUSE.

“DAILY MIRROR” PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, “Daily Mirror” Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d., or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are despatched at the earliest possible moment.

There is to be noted in particular a beaded strap shoe, and also one with a Cromwellian flap, caught across with an ankle strap in a manner at once pleasing and original.

Nor can anyone produce a better cut patent leather Court shoe, the toe smarter pointed, at the price of 7s. 9d., some very up-to-date styles in white satin ball shoes coming out at a similar price. A great feature is continuing to be made of the gold kid slippers, both plain and strapped with various black ribbons. Though even, albeit, more ephemeral are those of satin veiled in coarse lace.



The Secret of Curly Hair.

WHAT women will suffer to acquire beauty has been revealed by the experiences of one society dame, who went to Paris for the purpose of obtaining a permanent curl in her hair. Although the effect she sought for was produced, she does not hesitate to describe the process as distinctly unpleasant.

Preliminary Processes.

On reaching the hairdresser's she was shown into a private room, and her hair was taken down and well brushed for several moments. The hairdresser then moistened her locks with a liquid, and proceeded to curl them all over with hot irons. The operation was both painful and offensive, as the odour given off by the liquid was almost unbearable. The result, however, was a head of beautifully curled hair, which in spite of constant washings absolutely refused to come out of its acquired wave.

A Furrier's Secret.

The secret of the curling liquid was explained by a French chemist, who informed the lady that her tresses had been treated by the process in use among the pelt mongers,

who obtain a curl in the hair of certain skins by a "secret." The formula of the secretion was one drachm of quicksilver to two ounces of aqua fortis. This is dissolved, and before being used is diluted with half its volume to an equal volume of water. Care must be taken that neither the liquid, which is poisonous, nor the moistened hair, until it has been subsequently washed, must touch the skin.

The hair may be adjusted into the desired curls by the aid of oiled curl papers instead of hot irons. The locks must then be allowed to dry. The curl will be retained for several weeks.

Loss Drastic Measures.

A much easier process, and one that is described as very efficacious, is to rub on the hair some perfumed vaseline, which in turn must be wiped off with a towel. Then heat the tongs and hold them on the hair until they are nearly cold. The curl acquired by this means will not be taken out by bad weather, and though the locks have not the fluffy appearance beloved by so many women they have the great advantage of staying in curl.

Perfumed vaseline rubbed three times a week on the hair is also recommended as a preventative of grey hair.

A Lady's Maid's Recipe.

A "treasure" of a lady's maid who keeps her mistress's hair in exquisite order has recently been divulging the secret of her thick and glossy locks which are the envy of other women. In the first place she never washes her hair with water pure and simple, but uses a lukewarm decoction of bran water, containing the yolk of an egg with a small pinch of borax dissolved in it. The hair is well rubbed

with a moderately stiff nail brush, and then rinsed in warm water, to which a few drops of eau de cologne have been added. It is then dried with hot towels, as the heat imparts lustre to the hair.

Friction is Valuable.

When the drying process is finished, a course of friction begins. For fifteen minutes the maid rubs the tips of her fingers all over the head from brow to neck until a delicious glow is felt. This massage is also a nightly process, and to this system of constant friction the maid attributes one of the secrets of the luxuriant locks. She is very careful to rub well by the ears and at the nape of the neck, and in addition to the friction gently pulls the hair by its roots in order to impart further stimulation. By the time she has finished, the hair has received a large amount of electricity, and even the lamest of locks have attained a fresh degree of virility. The hair seems to have doubled its quantity, and is now ready for the brushing.

Very Stimulating Treatment.

A whalebone brush is chosen for this process, as the bristles reach well down to the head. The hair is divided in many strands and each portion receives a thorough brushing. A somewhat novel mode of brushing is followed by this lady's maid. Holding the brush lightly in her hand, she allows the bristle part to fall with a staccato movement on the head and then presses rather heavily on the scalp, afterwards drawing the brush gently through the tresses. This process is not as unpleasant as it may sound and great care is taken to regulate the pressure to a sensitive head.

The maid is a firm believer in friction and considers that many women lose their hair simply because they are content to brush their locks in the ordinary perfunctory way. The brush is kept fastidiously clean and is washed a few weeks in cold water and soda and a few drops of aromatic vinegar.

Occasionally the maid finishes the dressing of the hair by sprinkling a few drops of brilliantine on the brush, and then draws the brush gently over the coiffure. This leaves the hair with a beautifully glossy appearance.

PRIZES FOR RECIPES.

Every Saturday the "Daily Mirror" will award a prize of One Guinea for the best cookery recipe. The recipe must begin by naming each ingredient to be used in making the dish, the name of the dish must be given. The recipe must be written on a postcard, and must be addressed: "Chef," The "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C.

The last date for sending in this week's prize recipes is Thursday, November 12.

Cost 5s. 6d. for 4 portions.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 10.—DEVILLED KIDNEYS.

INGREDIENTS.—For six sheep's kidneys: One and a half ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of made mustard, one teaspoonful of French mustard, one teaspoonful of chervil, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, half a teaspoonful of curry powder, salt, cayenne, hot buttered toast.

Skin, core, and split the kidneys so that they will lie open quite flat. Mix the butter, mustards, cayenne, and lemon juice together. Spread a little of this mixture over the kidneys, and scoring each twice with a knife. Broil them for about five to eight minutes. Put a tooth hot, crisp, and neatly trimmed. Put a kidney on each round of toast. Put a small lump of the butter mixture in the centre of each kidney. Dust with salt and a judicious sprinkling of cayenne. Serve very hot.

Cost 2s. for 6 portions.

No. 11.—COFFEE CUSTARDS.

INGREDIENTS.—The yolks of six eggs, one gill of cream, half a pint of strong coffee, sugar to taste.

Well beat the yolks, add to them the cream and coffee, and strain the custard, sweeten to taste. Strain the custard into small ramekin cases, and place these in a shallow pan containing enough boiling water to come half way up the cases. Lay a sheet of buttered paper across the tops, put on the lid, and steam gently till the custard is firm, probably twenty minutes.

Take them out and leave till perfectly cold. Serve them in the cases with a little heap of whipped and flavoured cream on the top, and hand them with sponge fingers.

Cost 1s. 4d. for 4 portions.

No. 12.—ARTICHOKE SOUP.

INGREDIENTS.—Two pounds of Jerusalem artichokes, two ounces of butter, a small onion, a little celery, one pint of white stock, one gill of cream, salt and white pepper.

Wash, peel, and trim the artichokes carefully. Melt the butter slowly in a clean, bright pan. When it has melted, add to it the sliced onion, the artichokes, celery, and a little salt. Let these vegetables cook covered for eight minutes, taking care they do not get brown. Remove gradually and the stock to them, and allow the whole to boil till the vegetables are tender, when they must be rubbed through a wire sieve. Put this purée back into the saucepan, let it come to the boil, season it carefully with white pepper and salt, and lastly add the cream. The soup must be quite hot, but should not be allowed to boil after the cream is added to it.

Cost 1s. 3d. for 4 portions.

No. 13.—CURRIED SWEETBREADS.

INGREDIENTS.—Two heart sweetbreads, half a pint of white stock, three-quarters of a pint of curried gravy, salt and pepper.

Put the sweetbreads in a basin of cold water, and let them stand for two hours. Then lift them out of the basin, and put them into a stevpot with one quart of fresh cold water. Put the pan on the fire, let the water boil for ten minutes, then take out the sweetbreads, trim off any gristle from them, and press them between two plates till they are cold. Put the stock into a clean pan, add to it the sweetbreads, having first wrapped them up in a piece of muslin-covered paper. Put the lid on the pan and let it continue to cook gently for three-quarters of an hour. Lift the sweetbreads out of the stock, and cut them into meat slices. Arrange these in a circle on a dish, one slice slightly overlapping the next, and strain or tammy the curried gravy over them.

Cost 5s. 6d. for 6 portions.

No. 14.—ROAST WILD DUCK.

INGREDIENTS.—A couple of wild ducks. Butter or good dripping for basting.

Singe, clean, and truss the wild ducks. Rub them all over with the butter and roast them either in front of a quick fire or in a hot oven. Baste them well and frequently. They will take from eighteen to twenty minutes.

Remove the string and skewers from them. Place the ducks on a hot dish and serve with good brown gravy and orange salad handed separately.

Cost 5s. 6d. for 4 portions.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS'S

"TATCHO"

For the Hair and Lack of Hair.

"To the HUNDRED THOUSAND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who have written me from all parts of the world (sometimes enclosing stamps for reply), and sometimes expecting me to defray the return postage to the uttermost corners of the earth, requesting me to forward them immediately my Recipe for arresting the Fall of the Hair. GREETING—KNOW ALL OF YOU—In consequence of the immense demand for my remedy, "Tatcho," and the flooding of the market with Non-Genuine preparations purporting to be the same as mine, but in reality nothing of the sort, I have been compelled to place the matter in the hands of a Syndicate. These gentlemen have agreed to supply the whole world with the Preparation absolutely made up according to my directions. It was the only way for me to protect the public and myself."—MR. GEORGE R. SIMS, in the "Referee."



Lady Collins on "Tatcho."

18, Ashburn-place, Kensington, W.

"Lady Collins has been induced to try "Tatcho," owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick."

"Tatcho" is used in all parts of the Kingdom—in America, India, Africa, China, Australia.

Lady Powell on "Tatcho."

Torr-Aluinn, Dunoon, N.B.

"Lady Powell thinks "Tatcho" has been very beneficial in the falling off of hair having almost ceased."

"Lady Powell's hair has now grown to a thickness and length that is quite remarkable."

"Tatcho" is the nicest preparation for the hair being Non-Oily and not perfumed, as most lotions are."

"Tatcho" is prescribed by the Medical Profession for hair disorders following impaired health.

Mrs. Norman Forbes Robertson on "Tatcho."

42, Bedford-square, London, W.C.

"'Tatcho' is very much appreciated. I have used it for some time, and have found it most beneficial, and have had pleasure in recommending it to my friends."

Mrs. NORMAN FORBES ROBERTSON.

"Tatcho" has completely revolutionized all former ineffective methods of hair treatment.

Lady Sykes on "Tatcho."

Mayfair, W.

"'Tatcho' has entirely renovated my hair."

LADY SYKES.

"'Tatcho' is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whiskey, free from all grease."

Major-General Keate on "Tatcho."

High Court, Winchester.

"I find 'Tatcho' excellent and better, than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life, devoted partially to keeping my hair on."

ED. KEATE.

Special offer for course of treatment.

46 Large Trial Bottle for 1/10

CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY ADDRESS: LANDZ

END TO JOHN O' GROATS.

CUT THIS OUT AND POST TO DAIRY. In Order to Secure your Bottle.

THIS COUPON ENTITLES THE SENDER to 2 LARGE 46 TRIAL BOTTLE for 1/10

CARRIAGE PAID.

D.M., 4/11/03.

In making this unique offer the company is acting within the knowledge that such distribution of large size bottles in making the preparation even more widely known, and is introducing it to every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected by any other system.

"TATCHO" LABORATORIES, 5, GREAT QUEEN STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.



The Daily Time-Saver

DISH OF THE DAY.

NO. 8.—EGGS A LA FLORENTINE.

By M. GRANVILLIER, of Prince's Restaurant.

TAKE some very fresh eggs, say, four. Pour some water in a pan with some salt and vinegar, break the eggs into it when it is boiling. Let them boil slowly for about two minutes, then take them off. Cook a handful of spinach in the ordinary way. After it has been cooked you must press it to extract the water; then roll it in some melted butter and put it in china dishes, flat so as to hold the eggs. Put the four poached eggs over the spinach, also some cooked sprue, about the quarter of a bunch for the four eggs, add one thick slice of truffle on each egg, put some white sauce over all (the sauce is made of yolks of eggs and butter). Put a little Parmesan cheese over the sauce, and well brown it under the salamander or in the oven.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Apples. Pears. Oranges. Melons. Pineapples. Nuts. Grapes. Medlars. Persimmons.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table. Violets, with their foliage. Delicately tinted Azaleas, with Asparaguses fern.

Large Yellow Chrysanthemums now in perfection. We should make the most of the most of the autumn-tinted leaves; they will soon be leaving us.

Plants and Cut Flowers for the House. Orange Trees. Japanese Fern Balls. Winter Cherries. Cyclamen. Hyacinths. Pincushions.

Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Monday evening.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

CHAPTER IX.

Continued.

BUT to-day Martia did not even despise him. Colonel Joscelyn had done her the worst injury in his power; he had saddled her with an everlasting remorse. Through him her life was blighted, and that glorious happiness that she had haggard and boasted, and gloried in, was reduced to ashes, and between her and her beloved a gulf had been riven in the blossoming soil of their Paradise.

But she did not hate him for it, or cry for vengeance; on the contrary, she dreaded that he should be punished for her sake, and she thrust out trembling hands to find in his strength an anchor to cling to in her overwhelming despair.

"Don't brood," he said; and she understood in a way that he was right. The thing was done and could not be undone. His voice was eloquent with the tenderness of an elder brother; and yet he had challenged her to risk her reputation before he granted the thing she asked of him. It was incomprehensible; she was all at sea. She only knew she was tired—deadly tired, and that she could not forget. After all, he did not understand. He was a man, a soldier; he had seen men die cruel deaths all around him. He could never know the agony of jarred nerves and an accusing conscience crying within her—"You have killed a man!" He could never understand that the mere fact of keeping a secret from her husband was enough to take the savour from her life.

"And Philip," she said, half to herself. "How am I going to live beside him with this knowledge in my heart?"

Paul Joscelyn looked at her very gravely.

"Why not tell him?" he said.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "You must be mad. If it were your wife, could she tell you such a thing?"

For an instant that strange little half-smile of his hovered about the corners of his mouth. "I think perhaps she might."

"He would kill me," she said fiercely. "Oh, no, I could bear that; but he would hate me and turn from me."

"No, you cannot tell him," said the man. "He is young," he added in hasty extenuation.

"Don't you see," she said more quietly, but with a heart-broken sigh, "that is the worst of it. It means that I must wrong Philip every day that I live. Poor Philip!"

"No, happy Philip!" Paul Joscelyn's voice was very soft. He was looking away from her out of the window, and in his eyes was an expression that looked like pain. "You will love him all the more faithfully and devotedly because his salvation has been bought with such a price."

She looked at him, uncomprehendingly. Where was anyone's salvation to be found among all this horror?

He had taken up his hat and gloves. "I will not wait any longer, Mrs. Chesney," he said conventionally. "Will you tell your husband?"

The door opened just then, and Philip Chesney entered the room. Surprise was on every line of his face, though he came forward and politely greeted the unexpected visitor.

"Colonel Joscelyn called to see you, Philip," said his wife. "I am glad you have come back. He was just going. I will leave you."

She shook hands stiffly with Paul Joscelyn, and left the two men alone together.

She went into the garden with her basket and her scissors, for old Sir John would have thought it strange if she had not decked his little oratory with fresh blooms each day. It seemed to her but a minute before she heard Philip's voice calling her; and, when she answered him, he ran out to meet her and dragged her back with loving arms into the room.

"It's all right, little girl! It's all right!" he cried. "It is more than I deserve, isn't it?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a strange, dry voice. She could have screamed. There would always be this gulf fixed between their moods. It was as if someone she loved laughed while she was on the rack.

"Well, you see," he explained, pushing her into a chair and sitting on the arm, keeping her hand in his. "Detmold's sudden death makes all the difference to me. I shan't have to pay that twelve thousand. There is no record of it, and, even if there were, Ludovic Clare would never enforce it."

"I see," she whispered, with stiff lips.

And the Colonel came here to tell me that, under the circumstances, there is no need for me to 'chuck' the regiment. He spoke rather decently, I must say; awfully stern, as usual,

but seemed more inclined to make allowances. So, you see, little girl, it is all going to be plain sailing, and we must save up and pay off our debts." He kissed her again, and she clung to him, with her head buried on his shoulder, and her teeth biting into her lips to prevent herself from shrieking aloud.

"I wonder," said Philip suddenly, as she drew herself away, "if the Colonel was so amiable on account of that night?"

"What?"

"Oh, I didn't tell you—you seemed so awfully tired. But I went round to his rooms that night. I thought I'd ask him once more to help me. Well, it was about a quarter past ten when I got there. I know, because I looked at the clock when I left the club. He said, so I saw by the morning papers, that he didn't get in until half-past, but there he was right enough. I only saw him for a minute. He wouldn't listen to me at all. He sent me away pretty curtly. It was a funny thing he didn't say anything to me about Detmold having committed suicide. Why, he must have been lying in the house at the very moment. Don't you call that odd?"

"Oh, I don't know," she murmured with difficulty. "He must have been very much upset."

"He made such a deucedly funny excuse, too."

"What excuse?" She wondered if her voice sounded very shrill.

"He said he had a friend—a lady, supping with him."

She winced as if he had struck her.

"Oh, I know it isn't a nice thing to talk to you about," he said contritely. "But it struck me as being so extraordinary. I'm not going to say anything about it. The Colonel must have had some reason for it; and it is none of my business. You don't think I ought to say anything, do you?"

"Oh, no—no!"

"He was awfully decent," said Philip. "I say, Martia, isn't it lunch-time?"

"Yes, I think so, nearly. Philip, aren't you sorry he died—that dreadful death?"

"What? Detmold?" He looked at her rather blankly. "Well, of course, it was rough on the poor brute, but I can't truthfully say that I'm sorry. He must have had some strong reason for killing himself, you know."

"Will Mr. Clare be sorry?" she persisted.

"Ludovic Clare? Not inconsolable, I fancy. You see, he inherits two solid millions."

"Will no one regret him, then?"

"Well, he was going to be married to some woman—a widow, I think. She may regret him; but she was probably only after his money. He was not a favourite, you know."

Alone, Martia dropped her head into her hands with a stifled moan. Not a favourite! Oh, God, it was so pitiful! It seemed ten times greater a crisis to have caused the death of a man whom not one human being would mourn with a single tear.

CHAPTER X.

When Philip Chesney realised that his father would not die on that night when he had wilfully withheld the light that he knew it was his duty to let in upon the old man's darkened brain, out of the chaos of emotions warning within him, there rose dominantly an overwhelming gratitude.

In the first fierce reaction he was filled with burning remorse. He felt that, if his father had died, he would have been his murderer.

All night he watched with the doctor. Sir John lay in a stupor. At long intervals he opened his blue eyes and fixed them on his son's face and tried to smile, and once he murmured a few affectionate words; but he did not repeat that question that had torn the young man's heart, while he denied his knowledge, in order to save as long as he could all that his father longed and intended to reveal.

The next morning, while Martia, the gentlest and most skilful of nurses, busied herself in the sick room, Philip took the doctor apart.

"You will pull him through?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—I hope so—I think so," was the reply, given with encouraging briskness, without that painful hesitation that announced grave anxiety in the doctor's mind.

"And his brain?"

The doctor shook his head. "I cannot say. There is no reason to think it anything more than a temporary disturbance. We must wait until he is stronger."

The next day Sir John was out of immediate danger, and began to gain strength. With many misgivings Philip went up to see him; but hardly had he entered the room than that troubled look came into the old man's face, and, while he showed great joy at seeing his son, it was also clear that the young man's presence brought back that painful and vain effort of the clouded memory to find the solution to that one great question, that once answered, would bring rest.

Unable to bear the strain, Philip went away almost immediately, without daring to look back at the pleading blue eyes that were prolonged.

"Of course you must see him, Captain Chesney," the doctor replied. "I particularly want you to. If the sight of you does not bring on a recurrence of those distressing symptoms, I shall be satisfied. But if, unfortunately, it does, I shall be glad if you will take another opinion, for I must confess that I shall be at a loss to account for it, as you say there is no mental shock that he has received connected with you in your father's mind."

"I must see him," put in Philip quickly. "You must not keep me away from him, doctor!" He felt he should go mad if the fearful suspense of the last two days were prolonged.

"Then I will go to him at once."

"I shall wait to hear how you find him, Captain Chesney," said Doctor Forbes.

Martia was sitting with Sir John when Philip entered the study. A trained nurse had relieved her of all hard work, and she had discarded serge and apron for one of the

of a long series of thorns into her beloved's heart. "Directly he sees you, it seems to come back to him, and I know he thinks you can help him, for he has said to me several times—Philip—Philip knows! It must be something you talked about that night. Can't you remember everything you said?"

He could have laughed aloud at the irony of it. Remember! Was not every word of that conversation graven on his brain in letters of fire?

She was gazing at him eagerly, with her grave, grey eyes; and he could do nothing but mutely shake his head.

"Of course you must have talked about all sorts of things," she went on. "If there was anything important, you would remember it."

He nodded. Still he could not trust himself to speak.

"But was there nothing about anything he specially cares for? Did he say anything about his religion, his chapel—I think his thoughts are always there. It might be some little thing—about the flowers in it, or the pictures, or the candles; and if we could only think of it, it would put his mind at rest. Oh, Philip, how I wish you could tell him what he wants to know!"

Philip could stand no more; a sound escaped him, a groan of self-accusation that did not carry its true meaning to the woman's ears. "I wish to God I could!" he muttered.

"Oh, Philip, dear, I know how you are suffering!" she whispered, with tenderest sympathy. "I don't want to add to your sorrow. Don't I know that you would give your life for him, if it would do any good?"

He turned almost roughly from the clinging touch of her loving hand on his arm; and went downstairs without a word. She only saw in his unresponsive silence the dumbness of a sacred grief; she did not know that each of her sweet words of sympathy with him and of sorrow for the stricken old man they both loved seared his soul with the red hot iron of accusation, and made his whole being quiver with the agonised knowledge of his guilt.

How he had fallen below her high standard! If she knew, how her eyes, instead of tenderly caressing him, would blaze with lofty scorn!

In the afternoon Doctor Forbes told Philip that for the present he had better not go into his father's room. The young man heard the injunction with mingled anguish and relief.

"Is he going to recover his memory?" he asked haltingly.

"It is so difficult to say," rejoined the doctor.

"He has spoken so little on other subjects. I have had no opportunity of judging. But that one thing is still troubling him, and it is a great pity. I can't think why he is so certain that you can help him. It must be some trifling, vastly important to him, that has entirely escaped your memory. I have come across the same thing in other people whose minds were very much occupied with religion. Some trifling act of devotion that they have omitted, some deed that they have left undone—"

He broke off, and then added gravely, "Men like ourselves, Captain Chesney, cannot understand the self-tortures of truly religious minds."

Philip winced, as if he had been struck. A moment later he looked furtively at the doctor. His nerves were all on edge. It had almost sounded to him as if this man meant something. But, of course, that was ridiculous.

It was merely a chance remark; his expression showed that he was guiltless of any hidden meaning.

"We must hope for the best," the doctor went on. "Sir John has asked to see Father Lyle again. If it is any spiritual question that is troubling him then the priest's presence is the best remedy I can suggest."

"I will send for him," said Philip; and took the opportunity to escape. Every conversation that related to his father's state of mind was a prolonged torture to the young man, whose will dictated a course of action that he was to be evil, while he followed it, but whose heart and conscience were not yet asleep.

Two days later Sir John was able to be carried down stairs, and laid on the couch in his study, whence he could look on the trees and flowers of the garden. Doctor Forbes said that he would gradually regain the use of his limbs, and that there was no reason why he should not live for years.

"But his brain?" asked Philip again, with faltering eagerness, when the doctor brought him this good news. "Martia says that he is quite himself again."

Again the doctor shook his head. "He has been talking to me on all sorts of subjects quite in his usual manner," he said. "But he has not touched on that loss of memory that affected him so powerfully."

"I must see him," put in Philip quickly. "You must not keep me away from him, doctor!" He felt he should go mad if the fearful suspense of the last two days were prolonged.

"Of course you must see him, Captain Chesney," the doctor replied. "I particularly want you to. If the sight of you does not bring on a recurrence of those distressing symptoms, I shall be satisfied. But if, unfortunately, it does, I shall be glad if you will take another opinion, for I must confess that I shall be at a loss to account for it, as you say there is no mental shock that he has received connected with you in your father's mind."

"Is Father Lyle with him now?" asked Philip.

"No."

"Then I will go to him at once."

"I shall wait to hear how you find him, Captain Chesney," said Doctor Forbes.

Martia was sitting with Sir John when Philip entered the study. A trained nurse had relieved her of all hard work, and she had discarded serge and apron for one of the

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Continued from Page 13.

pretty white frocks that her father-in-law liked best to see.

From long habit his eyes sought her face with a loving glance. She was always the first person he looked for in a room, and they never failed to exchange a dumb message of sympathy, even though they had been together only a few moments before. But for once Martia's eyes were averted from him.

She was sitting a little behind Sir John, whose couch had been wheeled into the open window. She was evidently unconscious of observation. Her head lay weary against the high carved back of her chair; her hands were folded loosely in her lap. A shaft of sunlight struck the wall behind her, brightening the sober splendour of the books in their richly-carved cases. It drew dancing gleams of gold from her piled-up curls; but her face escaped it, and looked grey in contrast to the brightness of her hair. Philip saw, with a pang of dismay, that there were hard lines round her mouth, and her whole body had the air of utter abandon, as if a fearful strain had been relaxed for a moment, and it was a look as of a mortal sadness that was graven on her face.

With keenest remorse he realised that it was he who had done this to his beloved. She felt things so keenly; she was so intensely sympathetic that she felt the sufferings and sorrows of those she loved as though they were her own.

But Martia, at that moment, had completely forgotten her father-in-law. The grey shadow on her face was the memory of that awful night. She saw Paul Joscelyn standing opposite by the mantelpiece, where he had stood the morning after, on which the sun had risen as though it were a day like any other, and she heard him say in his quiet, tired voice—“Oh, child, don't ruin your life! Don't brood over it, or you will drive yourself mad! Take up some work of expiation! . . . Pray and fast, and deny yourself . . . those are outlets for the soul . . . but don't brood!” Those words were hammering mechanically in her weary brain; but they had no meaning for her. She could not pray; there was no outlet for her soul; it was being stifled within her; she could only think and—remember.

“Martia!” said her husband's voice from the threshold of the room. He spoke in a hoarse whisper, torn from him by the sight of her face. She started up, and the colour flamed in her cheeks; she looked at that moment like a woman caught red-handed in some guilty deed; but to Philip, who had no clue to her behaviour, her appearance only told of a tale of overwrought nerves.

He put his hand gently on her shoulder. His voice was full of a tenderness that dumbly appealed for a pardon of which she had no consciousness that he stood in need. Truly these two beings who had shared their every though for years had wandered into mazy paths; and could they have seen into the future, they would have known that the different paths they were beginning to tread, with thorn-pierced feet, led away from each other, further and further into a strange, cold, inhospitable land, so far away that no cry of love or despair from the one bleeding heart could ever reach the other's ears.

“Go, my dear, into the sunshine,” Philip said; “you are worn out, you need rest. I will stay with him now until Father Lyle comes. How is he?”

“He seems much better,” she whispered—“almost like himself.”

Sir John had been laying with his eyes shut, immovable beneath his silken coverlet. The whispering voices roused him, and he opened his eyes and called to his son.

“Philip, is that you?”

The young man walked to the couch, and Martia went out of the room.

“Phil, give me your hand,” said Sir John; and Philip bent over his father, and the old fingers closed over his. “Ah, how cold you are, boy!” Sir John went on, with a feeble smile.

Philip disengaged his hand as quickly as he could, and moved about restlessly in the limited space between the couch and the window.

“I am so glad to see you so much stronger, sir,” he said. He could not control his voice; it trembled, his whole being was held in the throes of an over-mastering suspense. In desperation he stood still at the bottom of the couch, and looked down at his father, with feverish, questioning eyes.

Sir John returned the gaze with a faint, but affectionate smile. Philip had not seen him for two days. He looked much more like himself, although there was an added transparency in his thin cheeks, and a strange, absorbed, inward look in his blue eyes. But there was none of that vague perplexity, no sign of the painful struggle to find that memory that had escaped from his clouded brain.

Then, had he remembered? The young man waited, with his heart hammering in wild apprehension, for his father's next words.

They were ordinary enough.

“How bright the sun shines, Philip,” he said, with the slow, faltering speech of extreme weakness. “It is a beautiful world! I am grateful that I was not called away from it this time. It would have been hard to leave you and Martia—my children.”

“Why, you must not talk of leaving us for years!” exclaimed Philip. He made a desperate effort to simulate cheerfulness; but his mind was full of the most acute discomfort. What did it all mean? When should he find out what his every nerve was straining to know?

“I thought I was going to die,” Sir John continued musingly. “I think I quite realised it; it was vague and restful. But I don't think I was prepared.”

“Why should we think of death until it comes?” asked Philip stoutly. “It is morbid. Let us be thankful that you are stronger, and will soon be much stronger still.” It seemed to him that it was not he who was talking like this, and not his father who was lying there. There was something unnatural about it all. That was his father in form and outward semblance; but it was not the man. He never talked like that. He never discussed himself and spoke of his feelings. Even during his former periods of extreme weakness he had always had keen interests outside, and wanted to hear all that was going on in the world.

“Shall I read the newspaper out loud to you?” he asked, hastily.

“No, no,” said Sir John. “Thank you, I don't think I care to hear any of the world's news.” He added, with his gentle, old-world courtesy. Then he closed his eyes again; and Philip sat down on a low stool in the window, his whole being on wires, and yet afraid to move lest his father should be going to sleep.

But after a few moments' silence Sir John opened his eyes again.

“Philip, what you said just then was not right,” he said, in the same musing tone, as if he had been following the train of thought in silence. “We should be prepared for death. We should think of it sometimes not morbidly, but seriously, and make our peace with God and with men. I was not prepared for death. I am quite sure of it, and that was why I was not allowed to die. There is something I must do before I die, Philip; but the strange thing is that I have forgotten it. I know that there was some great thing that was required of me by God, but I cannot remember what it is. I wonder if you can help me, my son?”

For an instant the young man's heart stood still. It almost seemed to him from the way his father spoke that he had recovered his memory, and was testing his son's faith and truth and honour in that quiet, earnest tone. But, looking at him, he saw that same light in his eyes of perplexity and vague striving, only less painfully poignant than before. If it were going to be like this, it would be intolerable. He could not bear it. To live always between two scorching fires—the one the possibility of his father remembering, the other, the hotter, he thought, in this moment of the revolt of his better nature, the continuation of this pathetic struggle in the old man's mind, the constant recurrence of this question that pierced his heart like a thorn—I wonder if you can help me, my son?”

At that moment the door opened, and a servant announced:—“Lord Clowes!”

The name fell on Philip's ears with the effect of a thunderbolt.

He started to his feet with a stifled cry. Strongest of all in the face of danger rose the instinct of self-preservation, at the expense of honour, pity, and filial love. If his father saw Lord Clowes, the man he had defrauded, the man to whom he had been going to confess, would he remember?

All theorising and moralising vanished from his mind. He stood face to face with ruin—with the gaunt spectre of disgrace. He was a man fighting for the goods of the world; he had done with the subtleties of an ethical idea. His father must not see Lord Clowes!

Philip sprang across the room towards the door. Sir John did not appear to have heard the announcement of the visitor, and did not move.

But the young man was too late. Lord Clowes was on the heels of the footman, and, before Philip could make a sound of protest, he had stepped across the threshold, with outstretched hand, and his hard, rasping voice filled the room.

“I am glad to hear I shall find your father much better, Philip. I saw Dr. Forbes downstairs, who said he is quite fit to receive my visit.”

Philip shook the limp, cold hand mechanically. He did not speak, for his whole being was absorbed in one maddening longing that if the worst was to happen, it should happen now. Each second dragged like an hour.

Did his father hear the strident voice? Did he recognise it? Did it recall anything to him? Had it given him back his memory?

With a fearful effort, like a physical wrench, he forced his eyes from the peer's hard-featured face, on which he had fixed them in a sullen, desperate gaze, as if, by the exertion of his will, he would impel him to turn and go before Sir John became aware of his presence.

There was yet time. The old man on the couch had not stirred.

“He is very weak,” Philip whispered, hastily. “Perhaps—another day.”

“Nonsense, Philip!” interrupted Lord Clowes. “Forbes even said it would do your father good to see someone.” His lordship's lowest tones were like a trumpet call in comparison with the hushed voices of the Chesney household. “You coddle your father too much,” he added, walking over to the couch. “I shouldn't be surprised if half his ailments are due to that. Look at me, I'm a year older than he is, and yet I'm as active as you are.”

With a sound that, to Philip's jarred nerves, was like the rattle of musketry, he dragged a chair over the polished oak floor to the side of the couch, and, sitting down on it, began to draw off his gloves, while he critically examined his kinsman, who still lay with closed eyes.

“He is not asleep, is he?” asked his lordship of Philip, who was standing at the head of the couch in an agony of apprehension.

“I told you he is extremely weak,” the young man answered. “He lies like this all day; I have no doubt nature knows the best remedy.”

He looked at Lord Clowes with barely-concealed aversion. They had always been strongly antagonistic. Under other circumstances, Philip would have been glad that there was no real bond of kinship between them.

At that moment Sir John opened his eyes. Even the peer's harsh, unmodulated tones had taken a long time to arouse him from that lethargic state which, while it was not sleep, was very near akin to it. His gaze fell on Lord Clowes's face, but did not rest there. He looked about him in a vague, helpless way, and made an effort to sit up.

“Philip!” he called, feebly.

The young man was by his side in an instant, and his strong arms lifted his father into a more comfortable position.

“It is Lord Clowes, sir. He has come to see how you are feeling.” A desperate impulse made him pronounce that dangerous name himself. His eyes were fixed rigidly on his father's face.

Sir John looked again at the peer, this time with recognition.

“Ah, Clowes,” he said in his feeble voice. “It is good of you to come. I am glad to see you. I think I must have been asleep—or dreaming.”

“I am glad to see you so much better, John,” said his lordship, while Philip breathed a sigh of intense relief. The first sight of the man, then, had let in no illimitating flood of memory into his father's mind.

“I have come to have a little chat with you,” his lordship went on.

His manner, like his face, was most unprepossessing. He was really a well-intentioned, if narrow, man; and it was not his fault that, when his qualities were dealt out to him, the gracious gift of sympathy was entirely omitted. He was one of those men who live such well-ordered lives, and who have such a strong sense of justice that they make no enemies, but who also seldom have any friends.

A stern self-righteousness was written on his large features, which might have been coarse but for the extreme serenity of their expression. He looked a man who lived by a fixed rule; his pale eyes, with their constantly raised thin brows, expressed an habitual disapproval of everything he saw; his pursed lips confirmed this uncharitable attitude; and the adherence to custom, which was the dominant characteristic in his nature, was shown by the arrangement of his hair, which he had worn in the same way for more than forty years, brushed up behind his ears, with a parting down the back of his narrow head. His hair was now very grey and very thin, and the style was most unbecoming; but it was a certainty that he would never change it as long as he lived. His skin was very salient, and his smooth side-whiskers, trained after the fashion of nearly half a century ago, had incongruously remained jet black; this, together with the fact that he always dressed in deep black, gave him a funeral appearance which had caused Philip, in his irreverent boyhood, to liken him to a funeral mute.

“It is very good of you to come,” said Sir John for the second time, a recognition that his lordship was obviously waiting for. “It is a long time since we have seen you, Clowes.” Once roused from that condition of torpor that he seemed so easily to sink into Sir John was quite his usual self, with a little additional weakness; and it would have been impossible to tell from his manner that he had suffered from that curious loss of memory that had so puzzled the doctor, and that still tortured the mind of his son.

He tried to begin a conversation on a subject that he knew interested his kinsman; but Lord Clowes interrupted him in a tone of authority, referring to Sir John's last words.

“It is true that we see very little of each other, John, and as we are the sole representatives of a family so small that we ought to be united by the closest bonds, it is regrettable—”

Philip held his breath; but there was no sign on his father's face of any expression but a polite interest.

“Philip,” said Lord Clowes, addressing him, “why do you stand like a sentinel? Why not sit down? You seem to be imbued with the strange idea that I have come with malice aforethought to injure your father's health.”

Muttering half-inaudibly that he thought nothing of the kind, Philip walked round the couch and sat down in the window. Whatever Lord Clowes might think, he must be somewhere where he could see his father's face.

“As I was saying,” the peer continued, indulging in one of his lifelong habits that irritated Philip excessively, and which consisted in waving his large white hands in the air as he spoke, “it is a matter of regret to me that we are not so closely united as we might be. Perhaps this is not the time to speak of causes of disagreement, but I want you to understand that your health and welfare are matters of great importance to me, although there are other things in your life of which I cannot approve, and, as the head of the family, I cannot countenance.”

There was an ominous silence. Philip's eyes, glued to his father's face, saw with horror a faint shadow pass over it. The young man felt murderous towards Lord Clowes, whom he mentally termed a canting fool. What perverse whims of chance made him talk like that to-day, mention the “family” at every turn? If he went on long enough he must inevitably awaken memory in the strangely drugged brain of the old man whom he called kinsman, but who was no more related to him than the first man he met in the street.

“He is not asleep, is he?” asked his lordship of Philip, who was standing at the head of the couch in an agony of apprehension.

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TO WOMEN.

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Deep in the fervent, loving soul,
Whom the fierce flames of Passion's self

But strengthen, making firm the whole.

Ye, having might, when tempests rage,
To lift the head, free, fearing nought,
Whom the heart-pressing weight of life
Rules with the sway of earnest thought.

Ye, breathing only light and warmth,
For ever, like a live sun's ray,
Till tenderly the bare, black earth
Kindness and joy brings forth

straightway.
Smiling, great burdens have ye borne,
Mountains of woe, and still smile on;
Guernonless, where no trumpets sound,
Victorious battles have ye won.

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CHAPTER II.

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Or Wanting Places - - - - -

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